

SINGLE REGIMENT TAKES 54 WAIFS; TOTAL HITS 261

Banner Week of Campaign Gets Boost in Stren- uous Fighting

K.P. BUYS ONE ON HIS OWN

Every Platoon in B Company Be-
comes Parrain Along With
Officers

TWO FOR BASE HOSPITAL No. 5

Y.M.C.A. Secretaries in Base Camp
Also Bid for Pair—Contribution
Comes From States

TAKEN THIS WEEK
Enlisted Personnel, Base Hosp. No. 5
Co. A. — Ensigns..... 1
Major J. W. Stillwell..... 1
Captain G. B. D..... 1
Co. A. — Bn. Tank Corps..... 1
An Ohio Regiment..... 1
Co. F. — Ensigns..... 1
"Southern Officer"..... 1
"F. H."..... 1
Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, Base Camp No. 1
General John J. Trevelyan..... 1
Aero Const. Squadron..... 1
Previously adopted..... 193

Total..... 261

Strenuous fighting on the front doesn't
have anything but a stimulating influ-
ence on the adoption of French war
orphan in the A.E.F.

The Americans go out and write a few
pages in history with the machine gun
and the bayonet—and right in the same
week 68 children are adopted under THE
STARS AND STRIPES plan and all pre-
vious records are surpassed. Credit for
breaking the record goes to the "Ohio
Reveille."

The "Ohio Reveille" isn't a new 4-50
a.m. bugle call. Don't worry. It's a
triumphant little newspaper printed every
once in a while with a mimeograph by an
Ohio regiment, on letter sized paper, and
by virtue of utilizing both sides of the
sheet, it has two pages.

Things were pretty slow with the reg-
iment some time ago. The regiment was
not doing much to do but around the trenches
and the bayonet—and right in the same
week 68 children are adopted under THE
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vious records are surpassed. Credit for
breaking the record goes to the "Ohio
Reveille."

Now the Acc of Aces
The "Reveille" thought it would be a
good idea if the other companies became
parrains, and without waiting to capture
prisoners, so it started a campaign which
ran through three issues of the paper.

The result: 18,500 francs forwarded for
the care of 57 children for a year and
enough more pledged and collectible next
pay day to provide for 17 more.

The regiment becomes, as Private Cecil
J. Wilkinson, editor of the "Reveille"
suggests, the "ace of aces" in THE
STARS AND STRIPES orphan adoption
plan; and what with the other adoptions
of the week, the total number of chil-
dren in THE STARS AND STRIPES
family went up to 591.

The "Reveille" began its campaign
with this announcement:

"Adopt a French Orphan."
"Back home they may have their Lib-
erty Loan wild winds and their Thrift
Stamp campaigns, but those little finan-
cial undertakings are mere carbon copies
of a regular knock-em-down-and-take-it-
from-'em drive that is hereby launched
by the 'Reveille.' It's for the benefit of
the war orphans of France. Five hun-
dred francs will keep one kid for one
whole year."

Begging While They're Flush
"Pay day is at hand. We're begging
while you're flush. The campaign in
each company will be in charge of the
Continued on Page 2

S.O.S. PICTURE CARDS CAN NOW GO THROUGH

Nothing of Military Nature Can Pass Censor, Says New Ruling

Post card pictures of scenes in the
intermediate section of the S.O.S. may
be sent home to America, after all.
This doesn't mean any and every post-
card that strikes the S.O.S. man's fancy,
however. Probably, as soon as he hears
this, he will run off to buy two dozen
assorted views and three dozen of the
barracks in which he spent his third
night on French soil.

But it can't be done. Views of a non-
military nature alone are permissible.
Barracks are altogether too military to
be allowed.

Pity the Postmasters

The new ruling puts out of commis-
sion the one published in last week's
STARS AND STRIPES that post cards
would come under the censor's ban. The
former order was a precautionary
measure taken while awaiting the final
decision. The result will be first, the quick
release of several thousand post cards
that have been tucked away in dainty
bags in Tours, Blois, and dozens of other
places down the river, and second,
scores of cases of nervous prostration
among overworked postmasters through-
out the U.S.A.

The post card order applies only to the
intermediate sections of the S.O.S., not
to the advance section of the S.O.S. or
the base posts. For them there is noth-
ing to worry about.

Photographs may also be sent from
the intermediate sections provided they
disclose no military information. A pic-
ture of an entire outfit would be barred,
for instance, but one of two members of
that outfit playing leapfrog in heavy
marching order would be triumphantly
passed.

CAMPAIN HAT BACK

The campaign hat is coming
back—Easy! Don't throw up your
sweaty overseas caps and call the
O.M. king, as the Roman mob did
in Gen. Caesar's day. The campaign
hat has been the subject of a favor-
able recommendation, upon which
favorable action is accepted as fore-
gone. And the recommendation is
that it be restored for the use of
men in the S.O.S. and for certain
forestry units.

The foresters will be the only
troops near the front who will wear
it—that is, at present. Everybody
else is free to hope, however.

In the meantime, the S.O.S. lads
had better be digging down in their
barrack-bags and fishing out the old
hats they were told, long since, to
put away; or, if they've lost them,
they had better form in line right
outside the supply sergeant's dig-
gings and poster the life out of
that much pestered individual until
he comes across with new ones.

MERCHANT FLEET SECOND IN WORLD; TEN MILLION TONS

America Has Built 629 Vessels in First Five Months of Year

TWO SHIPS A DAY IN MAY

Gross Tonnage Constructed Thus
Far in 1918 Reaches
687,000

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—The Depart-
ment of Commerce statistical report
shows that, in the first five months of
this year, we have built 629 vessels of
687,000 gross tons. This makes the total
merchant tonnage under our flag up to
approximately 10,000,000 tons, not count-
ing the transports and other merchant
ships under Army and Navy control.

It makes our merchant fleet second
only to that of Great Britain.

The May tonnage output was three
times that of January.

In January, 57 ships got their regis-
try; February showed an increase to 84;
March, to 138; April, to 165; and May
shows 187 registered.

During May our shipyards delivered to
the Government, fully equipped, 44 ships
with a total tonnage of 263,000. In the
last six days of the month 82,000 tons
were delivered, and the new launching
during the month came to 71 ships, ac-
counting 244,000 tons—more than two ships
daily, and within 57,000 tons of the
entire American launchings in 1901.

Five new yards for concrete ships have
been authorized, and 42 ships of 7,500
tons each have been ordered.

COURT MARTIAL IN CENSORSHIP CASE

Aviation Cadet and Civilian Messenger Charged With Violating G. O.

Charges have been preferred against
an aviation cadet, A.E.F., who is ac-
cused of attempting to send uncesored
matter to the United States by a civil-
ian attached to the A.E.F. who was
returning to America. The case will be
heard by general court martial shortly.

This is the first general court martial
case of the sort which has come up since
the preparation of the general order
which specifically forbids the sending of
personal communications of any sort ex-
cept through the censored postal service.

As directed in that order, not only
the messenger carrying the letters and
photographs, some of which are reported
to have been extremely indiscreet,
was taken back to the base post under
arrest, but the cadet alleged to be pri-
marily responsible for the violation
of the order was arrested.

BEER MAY HOLD OUT

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—Food Ad-
ministrator Hoover opposes the bill now
in Congress which would prohibit the
further manufacture of beer and light
whisky. This will probably kill the mea-
sure, leaving whisky, gin and similar
redolent stuff as the sole outlaws.

There is lots of whisky in storage.
However, and probably the whisky
drinkers' only suffering will be the acute
pain brought on by having to pay 25
to 40 cents per hoist.

47,000,000 AID RED CROSS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—Total sub-
scriptions to the Red Cross drive now
reach \$166,000,000, and the final figures
will probably not be short of
\$170,000,000, which means a 70 per cent
oversubscription.

The returns indicate that more than
47,000,000 individuals subscribed.

The Red Cross was also enriched by
the fines laid during the past week on
food profiteers. One firm handed over
\$20,000, and another \$3,000.

SAINTS JOIN MARINES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—There is a
rumor that the Mare Island Navy Yard
barracks, where some of the Marines and
outlawed, have five saints—real, live and
American saints. Their names are:
Arthur St. James, of Denver; Edward St.
Luke, of Cheyenne; Orville St. John,
of Seattle; Henry St. Peter, of Kansas
City; and Arthur St. Matthew, of Spo-
kane.

VERDUN BELLE, MARINE'S PAL, FINDS HER OWN

Trench Broken Mother- Dog Waits for Master on Battle's Rim

RETRIEVES OFFSPRING, TOO

Happy Family Reunion, Human
and Canine, Is Held in Field
Hospital

SEPARATED AFTER LONG HIKE

Young Soldier Started for Front
With Seven Unweaned Puppies
Added to His Pack

This is the story of Verdun Belle, a
trench dog who adopted a young leather-
neck, of how she followed him to the
edge of the battle around Chateau-
Thierry and was waiting for him when
they carried him out. It is a true story.

Belle is a setter bitch, shabby white,
with great patches of chocolate brown
in her coat. Her ears are brown and
silken. Her ancestry is dubious. She is
under size and would not stand a chance
among the laughter breeds they show
in splendor at Madison Square Garden
back home. But the Marines think there
never was a dog like her since the world
began.

No one in the regiment knows where
she came, nor why, when she joined the
outfit in a sector near Verdun. She
singled out one of the privates as her
very own and attached herself to him
for the duration of the war. The young
Marine would talk long and earnestly
to her and every one swore that Belle
could "compre" English.

She used to curl up at his feet when
he slept or follow silently to keep him
company at the listening post. She
would sit hopefully in front of him
whenever he settled down with his laden
mess-kit, which the cooks always heaped
extra high in honor of Belle.

She Knew the Game
Belle was as used to war as the most
weather-beaten poilu. The tremble of
the ground did not disturb her and the
whining whirr of the shells overhead
only made her twitch and wrinkle her
nose in her sleep. She was trench
broken. You could have put a plate of
savory pork chops on the parapet and
nothing would have induced her to go
up after them.

She weathered many a gas attack.
Her master contrived a protection for
her by cutting down and twisting a
French gas mask. At first this sack over
her nose irritated her tremendously, but
once, when she was trying to claw it off
with her forepaws, she got a whiff of
the poisoned air. Then a great light
dawned on Belle, and after that, at the
first order to gas up, she put her head
under the mask and tucked her nose in
her mask. You could not have taken it
from her until her master's pat on her back
told her everything was all right.

In the middle of May, Belle presented
a proud but not particularly astonished
regiment with nine confused and wrig-
gling puppies, black and white or like
their mother, brown and white, and
possessed of incredible appetites. Seven
of these were alive and kicking when,
not so very many days ago, the order
came for the regiment to pull up stakes
and speed across France to help stem
the German tide north of the troubled
Marne.

In the rush and hubbub of marching
orders, Belle and her brood were forgot-
ten.

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FAT OF THE LAND FOR YANK TROOPS GOING INTO LINE

Chicken, Real Milk, Honey, Asparagus, Rabbit All for the Taking

MESS OUTFIT IN LONG HIKE

Cooks Do 128 Miles in Five Days
to Find Regiment They Be-
lieved Was Starving

When the Yanks jumped into the
second Battle of the Marne, they came
from far and near, came by train, came
by camion, came afoot, came they little
cared how so long as they got there.

It was a great hell-mot rush of rein-
forcements to a point in the line where
reinforcements were needed. In that
rush, one regiment of infantry piled in-
to dusty motor trucks and sped up hill
and down dale at such a rate that they
left their mess and supply personnel,
their kitchens and their provisions far
behind—so far behind that a whole un-
forgettable week went by without their
catching up somewhere northwest of
Chateau-Thierry.

And the boys, with only the vaguest
notion of what that week held in store
for them, thought gloomily of their meag-
er supply of iron rations, wondered
how long the hard luck and counsel with
would last and how they would get the
mess sergeants were asleep under
some distant, powerful hedge, while the
cooks must be rioting in some roadside
buvette.

In the Regiment's Wake
But far in the rear, toiling along
under the scorching sun behind their
field kitchens and the wagons of sup-
plies, the lords of the mess were com-
ing as fast as they could. They had sup-
posed they would come by train, but if
that had ever been the plan, it went
awry.

Veteran sergeants who had not been
hikers over here, cooks who had scorned
the open road, started out overland in
the wake of the regimental train. They
walked 128 miles in five days and one
of them got up out of a sick bed to do it.

They walked as the most hardened
hikers walked, with only a cold lunch
and a cold drink. They walked with
stomachs, with only one hour's rest, ex-
cept the regular ten minutes' breathing
spell allowed in every hour. And when
they reached the end of the 128th mile,
it was not to rest, but to start in and
cook for dear life.

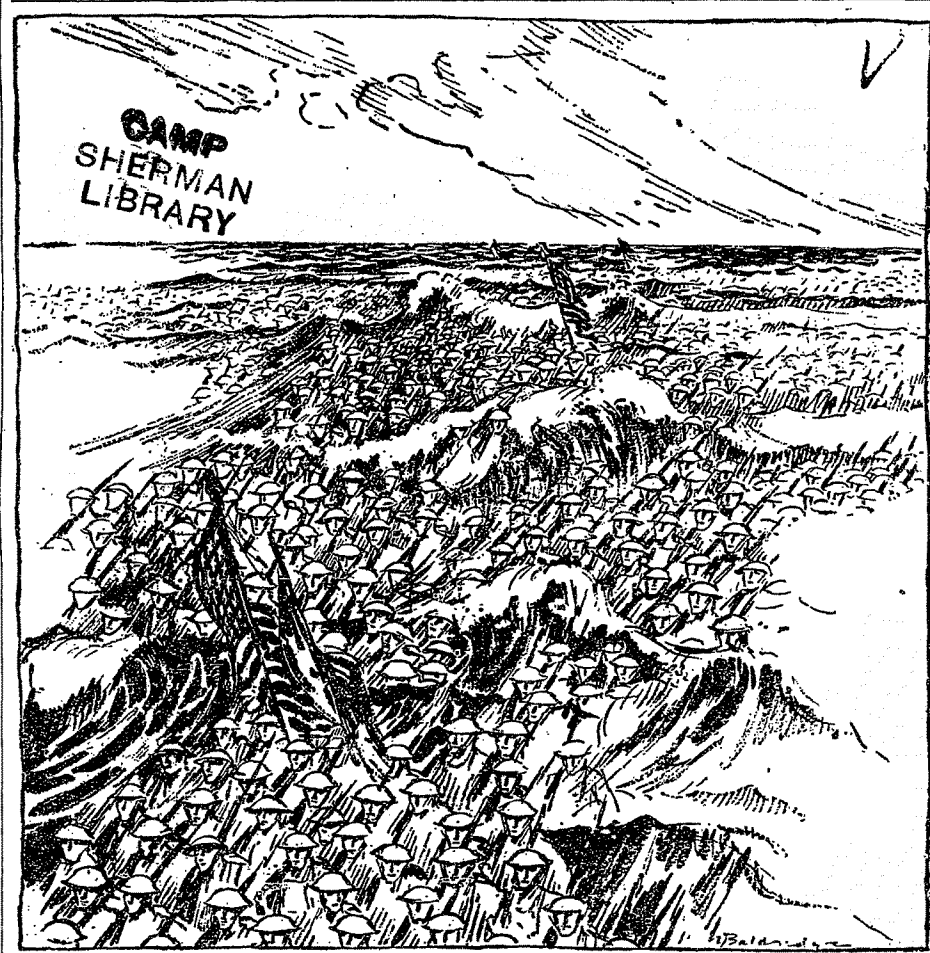
The one thought that was in their
minds as they put mile after mile be-
hind them was the thought that the poor
lads must be hungry and that no reg-
iment can fight without its cooks behind
them.

But the poor lads, with whom the
cooks commiserated as they plodded
along the dusty highway, were living,
for the most part, on the fat of a won-
derful land.

It was one of the loveliest and most
fertile countryside in all the world in-
to which the Germans made their south-
ward thrust the last week in May. Fine
farms, rich stocks of cattle and fowl,
new yielding gardens had been abandon-

Continued on Page 3

15,000 TROOPS, ON BOARD 18 TRANSPORTS, SAILED FROM NEW YORK YEAR AGO TODAY AS FIRST FIGHTING CONTINGENT OF A.E.F.



THE WAVES OF THE ATLANTIC

FAT OF THE LAND FOR YANK TROOPS GOING INTO LINE

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Continued on Page 3

U-BOATS' VISIT TO AMERICAN SHORES WAKES NO ALARM

Seaboard Cities Decline to Uproot Themselves and Move Inland

COAST PATROL ADEQUATE

Panic Spirit of 1898 Altogether
Lacking Along Coast—New
York Saves Light

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Our Teutonic
well wisher's latest exploit in moving
his portable battlefront to our fishing
and surfbathing preserve between the
Virginia beaches and the Hawkey
threatened for a few days to create a
famine in capital "C" headline type in
the newspaper offices, but it really
didn't excite the public very much, be-
ing viewed more as a matter of news
interest than of personal concern.

There was a refreshing difference be-
tween this attitude and that exhibited
in the Spanish-American war, when
every city along the Atlantic coast de-
manded the protection of the entire
American Navy for itself every time
somebody saw smoke on the horizon.

New Yorkers, for example, this time
enjoyed the visible demonstration of in-
stant readiness and adequate equipment
afforded by the coast patrol and the
Navy yard. Crowds journeyed to Coney
Island and spent the day watching the
battleships, air planes, destroyers and
hordes of other speedy craft covering
the sea.

At night the city darkened itself, and
did it with neither panic nor objection.
The Great White Way went out of busi-
ness as easily as though the mere blow-
ing out of a candle were involved.

Many of us are almost thankful to the
submarines because the vast aggrega-
tion of electric signs that decorated
New York and that were out of busi-
ness temporarily, at least, the
prodigious extravagance in electricity
along Broadway has been a source of
quiet but ardent objection by many
thoughtful men.

The householders all obeyed the re-
quest to douse or shade their lights and
nobody kindled a disrespectful irrever-
sible light. The only exception was out of
Coney Island, which mournfully an-
nounced that it will have to go out of
business if it is not permitted to set
the heavens ablaze nightly.

The ingenious amusement proprietors
of the Great Hot-Dog resort proposed to
compensate for the loss of the lights out
for three days of the week, but the
police suggested that they arrange the
matter with the Kaiser. As the Kaiser
cannot be reached at present, Coney
Island remains doused.

Toward the end of the week the sub-
marine news was pretty well backed out
of the front pages by the accounts of what
you of the Infantry and Marines did
on the Marne, and everybody was very
much tickled. There has been quite a
bargain-counter rush of enthusiastic
volunteers at the Marine recruiting
depots in consequence.

HARD LUCK STILL ON JOB

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—Fate proves
it can do anything when it is really on
the job.

Two men were recently engaged in
painting a ship from a scaffold. Some
oil leaked from the vessel. A riveter
working nearby dropped a red-hot rivet.
The oil flamed up, and the scaffold
caught fire.

The men jumped overboard and were
drowned.

Many Rookies Among Four Regiments of Infantry and One of Marines

13 TO 19 DAYS ON VOYAGE

Vessels Stole Out of North River
and Separated Into Groups
Under Navy's Escort

JUBILANT WELCOME IN PARIS

Children Kneel in Streets as Old
Glory Was Borne Through City
to Tomb of Lafayette

A year ago today our first contingent
of fighting troops set sail for France.
Under cover of darkness, in the early
morning of June 14, 1917, the trans-
ports of the first convoy slipped silently
down the waters of the North River,
across the harbor of New York and out
to sea.

The greatest secrecy hedged about
their sailing, but the denizens of the
water front on both the Manhattan and
the Jersey shores and the dwellers in
the sky-scraping apartment houses on
Riverside Drive must have guessed what
was in the wind, for all during the two
preceding days the troop-laden ships had
been moving out from the Hoboken
piers and taking their place in a line
in the middle of the Hudson from 90th
Street down.

After some consideration and debate,
the War Department had decided to
send General Pershing and his head-
quarters to France without delay and
to have one division of the Regular
Army follow him as soon as possible.
The Commander-in-Chief and his staff
had set sail from Governor's Island on
May 28, and on the day of his landing
in Liverpool, June 8, came the order of
embarkation to the part of the first di-
vision that was to sail in the first con-
voy. The next day, and for several days
thereafter, for the most part in the
midnight hours while Hoboken was fast
asleep, the troops filed quietly aboard.
Meanwhile, the leathernecks were as
silently and as secretly boarding their
transports in Philadelphia.

Most of them Infantrymen
There were, roughly, 15,000 soldiers.
Some ambulance and hospital men there
were, some motor truck drivers and
Signal Corps experts, and some steve-
dores, but the greater part of the troops
that took their farewell look at the God-
dess of Liberty a year ago today were
Infantrymen.

They represented the Marine Corps
and the Regular Army, but a Regular
Army that had, a few weeks before, been
abruptly and violently expanded to sev-
eral times its familiar size. So of the
seasoned, old-time doughboys who had
suffered on the border and seen over-
seas service that referred to the Pacific
and the Atlantic, there was only a
skeleton formation within the ranks of
the first contingent.

More than three-quarters of the lucky
15,000 were out-and-out rookies, and
some of them had not been in uniform
more than a week when they found them-
selves aboard the first transports. Some
of the most eager to go to France were
of what "light front into a line" men
mean and were a little vague about the
fine distinction between shelter-halves
and chevrons.

It was the theory of the first great
rush overseas that the boys should take
them as they found them, and that what
the boys lacked in training and equip-
ment they could pick up in Sunny
(tougher) France.

It is a very different looking first con-
tingent that is now doing itself proud in
the field. But even at the beginning
every one greeted every one else as
"old Timer" and the work "rookie" was
fighting hard.

Every man aboard those transports
Continued on Page 2

SCHOOL FOR M.P.'S NOW ON THE BOOKS

Won't They Hate to Show Their Travel Orders on the Way?

The latest addition to the A.E.F.
educational scheme—a school for M.P.'s.
Yes, it's come at last. The M.P.'s,
businessmen, babies, gals and all, are going
to be marched off to school. They will
have to sit with their cunning little
hands folded on the edges of their desks,
and won't be allowed to pass notes to
each other—much less to look at passes.
They will have exercises in arm waving
and lip-waving, in tongue-lashing and
reluctant handling. In short, they will get
everything that is coming to them—
everything that they need in their busi-
nesses.

The prospects of the new course
mapped out for the Hierarchy of the
Highways is not yet out. It is safe to
predict, however, that it will include
military map-reading; human map-reading;
the Berthel system; Jif-Jif-Jif;
French geography; folk-lore; Anthology;
ancient and modern pathology; osteopathy—otherwise known as setting
bone-heads right; astronomy; signifi-
cant; high-defecting; and polite conver-
sation, in French and English and
patriotic United States.

True, one solitary Yank M.P. once
held up a whole French artillery column
with the single blinding adjuration of:
"No passay. — — — — —" It was
forced to do so for a good ten miles,
general and all; but the school authori-
ties feel that an M.P.'s knowledge of
French ought to be a trifle more ade-
quate to occasions of that sort.

Anyway, anyway

FIRST A. E. F. FIGHTING CONTINGENT SAILED JUNE 14, 1917

Continued from Page 1

was enormously proud at being a part of the first contingent. Every one in training or about to go in training over home was sick with impatience to get to France, and these 15,000 were looked upon as the luckiest boys in America. Their own pride in their position was but an echo of a general order—General Order No. 4, issued at Hoboken on July 11:

Uphold Highest Traditions

"Every member of this division will be instructed in the responsibility of his position as a representative of the first unit of the Army of the United States to serve in Europe. He will be carefully impressed with the grave responsibility resting upon him to uphold the highest traditions of the Regular Army and to establish the morale for all subsequent organizations ordered to the front. The vital necessity for a soldierly appearance, a cheerful and prompt obedience to orders and the uncompromising performance of hard work and acceptance of hardships will be impressed upon all."

Present in that first contingent were one regiment of Marines, four of Infantry, one Signal Corps company, four motor truck companies, one bakery company, Ambulance Company No. 6, Field Hospital No. 6 and some 500 stevedores.

The boats that bore them were the *Tenadores*, the *Saratoga* (rammed in the harbor on a later voyage), the *Havana*, the *Pastores*, the *Momus*, the *Antilles*, the *Lenape*, the *Mallory*, the *Finland* and the *San Jacinto*. Laden with Marines, the *Hancock*, the *Henderson* and the *DeKalb* came up from Delaware Bay and joined the convoy outside New York Harbor. The old McClellan ship traveled along as a refrigerator ship, while the *Montanan*, *Dakotan*, *Occident* and *Luckenbach* brought up the rear with animals and freight.

The 18 transports separated into groups according to their speed and, under escort of the Navy, they crossed the Atlantic in a fortnight of as serene

and friendly weather as sea-faring men are wont to encounter in a dozen years of ocean sailing. This was the first voyage, so to these soldiers felt the first experiments in boat-drills and submarine guard duty. They were the first to take their blankets up on deck and bunk under the stars, the first to barter with the stewards for contraband chow smuggled from the officers' mess in the dark of the moon, the first to compose letters home designed to lull the censor's suspicions.

It was at 10:30 on the night of June 21, before the advance guard of the convoy reached the submarine zone, that the leading ships had their celebrated encounter with what was believed—and is still by many believed—to have been a U-boat. It was on June 22 that the cheers from the crowded rails announced one by one the approach on the horizon of United States destroyers, came out to greet them and guard them safe to shore.

First Sight of Land

In those days, the slender U-boat was a far more anxious question for the convoys than it is today and it was with relief that all on board the first four ships saw on June 25 the French coast on the horizon, the scarlet sun-lit sails of the fishing craft and watched over head the welcoming, sheltering flight of a French airplane. When they cast anchor off the coast that evening at seven, they assumed that all danger was past, little dreaming that they were never more accessible to the submarines and that two had been reported as lurking in those waters that very afternoon. They wondered why the tireless destroyers circled ceaselessly around them all night long.

Next morning the *Tenadores*, the *Saratoga*, the *Havana* and the *Pastores* docked at the port of a somewhat cheerless city which most Americans had never even heard of a year ago today. It had been selected as the first of the American base ports while the first of the convoys was midway across the Atlantic, and the final sailing orders were given by wireless. It was

then a sleepy, shabby seaport town where prices were low and Sanke manners and customs all unknown.

Last in Port on July 2

At intervals through the next few days, the other transports came over the horizon and into port so that the last of them was safe at its pier by July 2. The correspondents who crossed with the convoys and those who came down from Paris to meet the incoming ships would not let them send home word of the safe arrival. But it was unfortunate. Perhaps it was by way of revenge that they tried then and there to wish on the innocent Yanks the dreadful name of "Sammy." By some mishap, however, a message slipped past the guard, was published in London and flashed home to America, so that the whole world had the news.

The news of the arrival of the first contingent was published in every American newspaper while some of the ships were still at sea—while 7,000 of the soldiers were still within reach of the submarines.

The first contingent had some ground to break and some things to learn which have made the way easier for all of us who have followed. The business of debarkation and going into camp in France was a slow and painful process compared with the smoothness with which it operates today, when far larger bodies of troops move out of the ships and on their way across France as easily and quickly and nonchalantly as a party of traveling salesmen changing trains at Chicago. The great camp at Base Section No. 1, the roads leading to it, the means of transportation were not then what they later became. It was in the early days that the little port city gained the reputation which make it now serve the comedians of the Y.M.C.A. circuit as a joke-town to take the place of such old stand-bys as Brooklyn, Camden and Kansas City, Kansas.

The first transports were so stevedored and manifested that the all-essential

motor trucks were placed on the last and slowest of the boats. Thus the first contingent had to struggle along over muddy and insufficient roads for several days without their help. Then, too, many a soldier and his equipment became separated in the loading so that a lot of them were unprepared to camp those first few days.

Guesses from 80,000 Up

The quartermaster was ready for them with 15,000 rations, but it was necessary for a good many of the men to use the boats as barracks for several days. They would march out to camp in the morning after first mess, work, exercise and drill there all day, and return to the docks in time for dinner at night. As the one-way road system was already in force there, they made the trip back to the boats along another thoroughfare.

This simplified the quartermaster's problems, but it confused the correspondents dreadfully. Some of them who were itching to know how many troops were in the first contingent, tried keeping a rough count of the number seen marching away from the docks each morning. When you watch an unending line of soldiers cross the back of the stage in a war-play back home, you may be shrewd enough to suspect that once they are out of sight, they race behind the back drop in order to reappear at the other side and march across again and again, but the French journalists watching the streets of the port had no reasons to suspect there were repeaters in our line of march, so they innocently arrived at a staggering total. There were many rough estimates circulated and published as to how many we had sent. And the lowest guess was 80,000.

Fine Health, Finer Spirits

The difficulties the first arrivals encountered were many, but they were minor and transitory. The soldiers were in fine health and still finer spirits. Things rapidly became smoother and smoother for them and by July 15 the

fighting men of the first contingent were in their training area hard at work. Officers who left them the day they landed and who did not rejoin them until August hardly recognized the rookies of early June in the business-like soldiers of midsummer.

As they advanced from the port toward their final area, the enthusiasm of their reception, which had scarcely bowed them over at first, grew greater and greater, but it was only one detachment—a battalion of Infantry—which tasted the greatest triumph of all, the unforgettable march through the streets of Paris on the Fourth of July.

Thundering Cheers Greet Rifles

It was Paris in holiday garb, a Paris all gay with sunshine and bunting and flowers. The officers rode on horseback, the men followed afoot. The cheers that greeted the first in line—the sappers—were as nothing to the very thunder of welcome which greeted the first group with rifles over their shoulders. As a military parade, it was not the snappiest thing ever staged, for there was no such thing as keeping a straight formation when all the girls of Paris were noosing you with chains of daisies, crowding you with poppies, thrusting roses into your belt; when the little children were breaking through the lines to kneel in the streets as the flag went by; when weather-beaten, battle-scarred police were scouring their place as spectators and insisting on walking along-side.

Through scenes such as these, with every one cheering and all the jubilant thousands catching on the passing band the melody and the spirit of "Dixie," the parade made its way from the Invalides to the Picpus cemetery, where, at a tomb which will ever be a shrine for American pilgrims, the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. whispered the words that were in every one's heart that day—"Lafayette, nous voila!"

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FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1918.

A YEAR AGO TODAY

A year ago today the first fighting troops of the A.E.F. set sail from the port of New York. A year ago today, in the still dark hours before dawn, while all the city slept, the first convoy dropped silently down the river and out to sea.

Though it was Flag Day, no flags could wave then on their way; no cheers or music sounded a farewell from the shore; no harbor craft might boom a thunderous Godspeed. But the prayers of America were with them—and with them the hearts of America.

They were not many—not more than 15,000. A large part of them were raw recruits. There was no bombastic note in any one's mind that this little handful of soldiers could at once and alone add materially to the strength of the long, stern line of the Allied defense. Yet surely no more important contingent of like size ever went forth to battle since the world began. The reason they were welcomed like conquering heroes in the streets of Paris on our first 4th of July in France, the reason they were sent at that time at all, was because that first contingent was the pledge of the hundreds of thousands who have already followed them, a token and a prophecy of the millions on the way.

FLAG DAY

All over America today, in every country where the representatives of America are engaged in carrying out the American vision, on the high seas where the fleet of America keeps its ceaseless watch and ward, the Flag will be flown. The occurrence of Flag Day this year finds the banner in more distant places, at one and the same time, than has ever before been the case.

It is a far cry back to the days when the Flag had but 13 stars in the blue field alongside its 13 stripes. But the glorious thought of the day is not in the extension of those stars to 48, nor in the multitude of far removed spots on which today the Flag is planted. It is, rather, that the Flag of 48 stars stands for exactly the same ideal of liberty as did the Flag of 13 stars; that the America of 1918 is as alive and alert in the defense of that ideal as was the America of 1776.

The Flag has never led the way to war save when human freedom was at stake. The Flag's glory has been that it has always emerged triumphant and untarnished from the fray. The Flag's honor—and the honor of all that the Flag stands for—is in our keeping. The Flag must never be besmirched. The Flag will never touch the ground.

FRED BLAKELY—HOW!

As evidence of how all America is back of us, some of the little unconsidered stories that slip into the crowded newspapers back home these days are more impressive than the staggering total of Liberty Loan subscriptions, more eloquent than the most resounding patriotic speech that echoes across the Atlantic.

In a West Virginia mining town, one Fred Blakely is known as the man who loads more tons of coal in a day than any other man in the state. That means something in a year when the miners are determined that the earth shall yield for the Allies more fuel than it ever did before. Fred is taking for the A.E.F. He is dog tired at night, but somehow he has managed every week to knit a sweater for some soldier in France.

GLORY BE!

It is good news that a new system of Army pay is under consideration in the high councils of the A.E.F. It is better news that the whole spirit and purpose of that contemplated revision is the creation of a system by which each and every soldier, no matter how far he has strayed as a casual and no matter what the condition of his service record, will get each month enough money for his real needs, get it quickly and get it easily.

We have had evidence aplenty of men going seven and eight months without a son of pay. Last winter, we would see again and again a service record in which "Pay due from enlistment" was about the only entirely reliable entry.

Soldiers have made the rounds of the hospitals and come up smiling but broke in a replacement division. Here and there in their wanderings they had hopelessly signed a payroll, but always moved on their way before the frames arrived.

It is small wonder if some of them, when they heard anyone speak of the Yank as the highest paid soldier in the world, wondered where he got that stuff.

It is true that an emergency measure permits several paying points in the A.E.F. to deal out, on improvised and supplementary service records, a flat \$7.50 to every man as his pay for the

month just past, no matter where his original service record might be or what its state. But it is also true that, complicated by all the frills of insurance, allotment and Liberty loan, dependent for its success on the whole-hearted co-operation of officers who are newcomers to the Army, and strained by the rush and shuffle of a farflung expedition ever on the move, the old pay system, whosever the fault, has not worked to the satisfaction of the most important man in the Army—the private.

When a new system is finally launched, whatever its character, it will prove an immediate success only if every officer in command of troops bends every energy to the task of mastering the new machinery and seeing that it works. The officer who is careless in this matter, who can bother about his own pay and sleep comfortably at night before he has done everything in his power to see that his men are paid, is not fit to wear a Sam Browne belt.

THE ANSWER

Submarines appear off the coast of America and sink a number of small vessels and a fair-sized steamer. And then—And then some three thousand applicants appear in one day at the Naval Reserve recruiting offices.

And then the riveters of the country set a new all-around record. And then Secretary Daniels announces that the road to France has been kept open and will be kept open.

A few folks were probably frightened. It was the best thing that could happen to them.

The big result is this: Everyone who wasn't fighting mad before is fighting mad now.

It was the ruthless submarine campaign that brought us into the war. A ruthless submarine campaign at the doors of America isn't going to drive us out. It will just drive us on all the harder.

THE HANDS OF THE A.E.F.

America seeks as her reward in this war only the great gain that will come to all decent countries from the mere fact that the Prussian menace has passed like the passing of a nightmare—the peace that comes to all good people when a dirty bully, who has been roaming loose in the land, is caught, beaten and made powerless.

America will ask for no land or riches when this war is done.

From time to time it is well that we should renew this pledge of our high purpose. It has been expressed often and in many words. It has seldom been said in fewer words or with greater eloquence than in a Spartan speech by General Johnson Hagood, when, in the presence of the victor of the Marne, he spoke in behalf of the Army.

"We come to France for no material gain," he said. "We expect to divide no spoils. We come to fight for what we believe is right, and when the victory is ours, we shall return empty-handed, unless it be, perhaps, to take our dead with us."

BULL

Have you heard that the Empty Stentch Division was practically cut to pieces in its gallant attack last Sunday—or perhaps it was Wednesday?

Have you heard that its sister division, the Empty Stentch plus One, was about to return to America to fight the Mexicans?

What? You didn't even know we were at war with Mexico? Where have you been these past twelve months?

You have probably been minding your own business of soldiering. And the men who have been spreading these stories have been minding their business very badly.

Of course, there's something behind all these wild yarns that are continually struggling for circulation in the A.E.F. That one about the Empty Stentch's being cut to pieces, for instance. It must be true, because who do you suppose told us? A lieutenant who had not been with the division for two months.

What's the use of waiting to get information from G.H.Q. when there's a handy man like that around?

"JUST THINKING"

We are in receipt of a copy of a poem, sent us by Pvt. Melvin Ryder, which, according to him, purports to have been "passed on from soldier to soldier, and edited somewhat," and to have been written by William Burke, 3400 Emerald Avenue, Chicago, Ill., whose A.E.F. address is unknown.

The poem in question is, with the exception of a paltry few words and punctuation changes, (one of which destroys the rhyme which the original had), a direct duplicate of "Just Thinking," written by a member of the editorial staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, on the afternoon of either February 4 or 5, in the office of the Chief of the Press Division, I.S., G.S., at ———, France, and printed on the first page, top of second column from the left, of the second issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, on February 15, 1918.

From the nature of the copy—even the same title, "Just Thinking," is used—the "poem" purporting to have been written by William Burke is manifestly a taking down of the original; probably, from the nature of the changes, an attempt to reconstruct it from memory, or more uncharitably, an attempt to cover up the adoption of it as his own by a slight switching of the phraseology.

THE STARS AND STRIPES isn't calling William Burke to account—yet. It is "just thinking."

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

As in the early days of 1914, French troop trains are decked with poppies and roses, with every flower of field and garden. And just as in those days when the war was young, the poilu, after four years, rides up to the front, blithely, lustily singing, and with roses stuck in his cap and blouse.

Germany told the world that France was "bled white." Germany lied, and knew that she lied. The soul of France, respected in the eyes and voices of her fighting men, is both unvanquished and unvanquishable.

The Army's Poets

SOLDIER SMILES

You may talk of kings and princes,
And the glory of their show;
You may sing of knights and ladies
In the days of long ago;
You may paint a vivid picture
Of the wonder-worlds to see,
But the smiles on soldier faces
Look the best of all to me.

They are gassed and shelled and tortured,
They are muddy, thin and weak;
They are shocked and shot and shattered,
And you marvel when they speak;
They will give their all in battle
That the world may be made free,
And their smiles reveal their sorrows
Are real miracles to see.

They have smiled since they were babies—
Laughter, love have been their charms—
And their smiles were patriotic
When their country called to arms;
They go laughing to the trenches,
Filling fighting lines with cheer,
And with smiles they come back wounded—
These are smiles that puzzle me.

Kings and kaisers may be mighty
As the bloody brutes of war;
They may use the worst of weapons
Never dreamed of e'er before;
But they're sure to meet disaster
Over land and on the sea,
For the soldier-boys of Freedom
Fight—and smile—the whole world free!
CAPT. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE,
Base Hospital No. 1.

THE FAMILY TREE

My great, great, great, great granddadd, so runs a family tale,
Was a death or glory customer in a sassy suit of mail;
Whose quaint and Chesterfieldian way of showing marked affection
Was to saunter forth and bore a hoe in a feudal friend's complexion.

And later on his progeny took uncontrolled delight
In holding up the weekly stage in bright and broad daylight,
And frisking all the sturdy squires, until the sun went out,
That Dick Turpin was the devil in hell (which no one seemed to doubt).

Saw from knight and highwayman descend some gentlemen of France,
Who were embroidery on their vests and ribbons on their pants;
And they raised hell, I'm told, with dukes and kings and lords,
And carved their way to name and fame with their jewelry counter swords.

And then there was a set of blokes, back on my family tree,
Who scrapped in Rome's arena, to cure them of squeal,
And one of 'em stood on a bridge and with good old Roman cheer
Rough-housed Sextus' army with a cheese-knife and a spear.

And I suppose, still farther back, that some big ape-faced guy
Amused himself by heaving bricks at fierce dinosaurs,
And tamed his next-door neighbors by balancing a howler,
As a sort of invitation, on his prehistoric shoulder.

And oftentimes, these has-been boys sit past my tree-plank cot,
And rattle their rusty ordnance and bewail their bitter lot;
And one old whistler veteran with envy sighs "Wig wasn't this Holo-Zollern there when I was boss of Spain?"

And they reach out from the shadows in which their forms are hid,
And they slap me on the shoulder and they say: "Go get 'em, kid!"
Say: "When these old scoundrels hang around, they ain't no room for fear—
And I know them Germans will catch hell—
and my family here."

CHARLES G. MACARTHUR, F. A.

HOW TO KNOW

Where've I been and what've I seen?
Towens and such that what you mean?
That's none of your business, easy to give,
But to put in words the lives we live,
The actual things we've all been through,
To picture—well, just pass to you,
Is more than any one can do.

What is it like up on the line?
Have you got a couple years of time
To spend while the countryside jolt
And endeavor to win the matter right?
So you may know without being there
How the machine gun lads and the doughboys
Or the coolies go crawling everywhere?

How does it feel to go over the Top?
I can shag up my shoulders, but then I must stop.
Oh, how cool, all right—as a boy knows
How it feels to her when the one he goes
And does not return, as some of us do
And some of us don't—each time, when it's through—
You'll have to wait till it happens to you.
MEL RYDER.

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

The West Wind is the home-bound wind
As it blows across the sea;
And every breeze is a breath of love
From a lonely heart to thee.

And the West Wind sings as it sweeps along
Where it plays with the wind-cupped foam;
But it will not pause, for it bears a song,
And the theme of the song is—Home.

And the West Wind whispers, soft and low,
As of old in the lullaby,
And a father hears, as it starts to blow,
The sound of a baby's cry.

Then he sends a kiss to his little child,
And the West Wind bears it home;
While a doughboy down in the front line trench
Wings a prayer on the wind in the gloom.

For France is the East and the wind is West,
And the sea is a long, long way,
But the bridge of the sea is the wispy of love
At the close of a lonely day.

So the West Wind bears on its broad, broad
breast
As it swings its way o'er the sea,
A thought of love to a million hearts
And a throb of love to thee.

To thee does the West Wind bear a thought—
Dost thou hear it over there,
Oh, mother heart, and baby dear,
On the soft, sweet twilight air?

And, woman God gave, dost thou hear it, too?
For it goes like a dart to thee:
Mark! It blows on the path of the sunset warm,
West bound on the eastern sea.

For the West Wind is the Home Bound Wind,
And it blows from the west to the east,
'Tis the Wind of Love in the hand of God,
And it blows from the fields of France.

WM. L. STIDGER.

THE LEGIONNAIRE SPEAKS

I've just come back from the swamp land,
From the land of muck and mire,
Where the earth is a ditch of blood and pitch
And iron and flesh and fire.
I've been up to my knees in waters that freeze
And suck out the lives of men;
While the shells shriek by till you pray to die—
And I'm going back again.

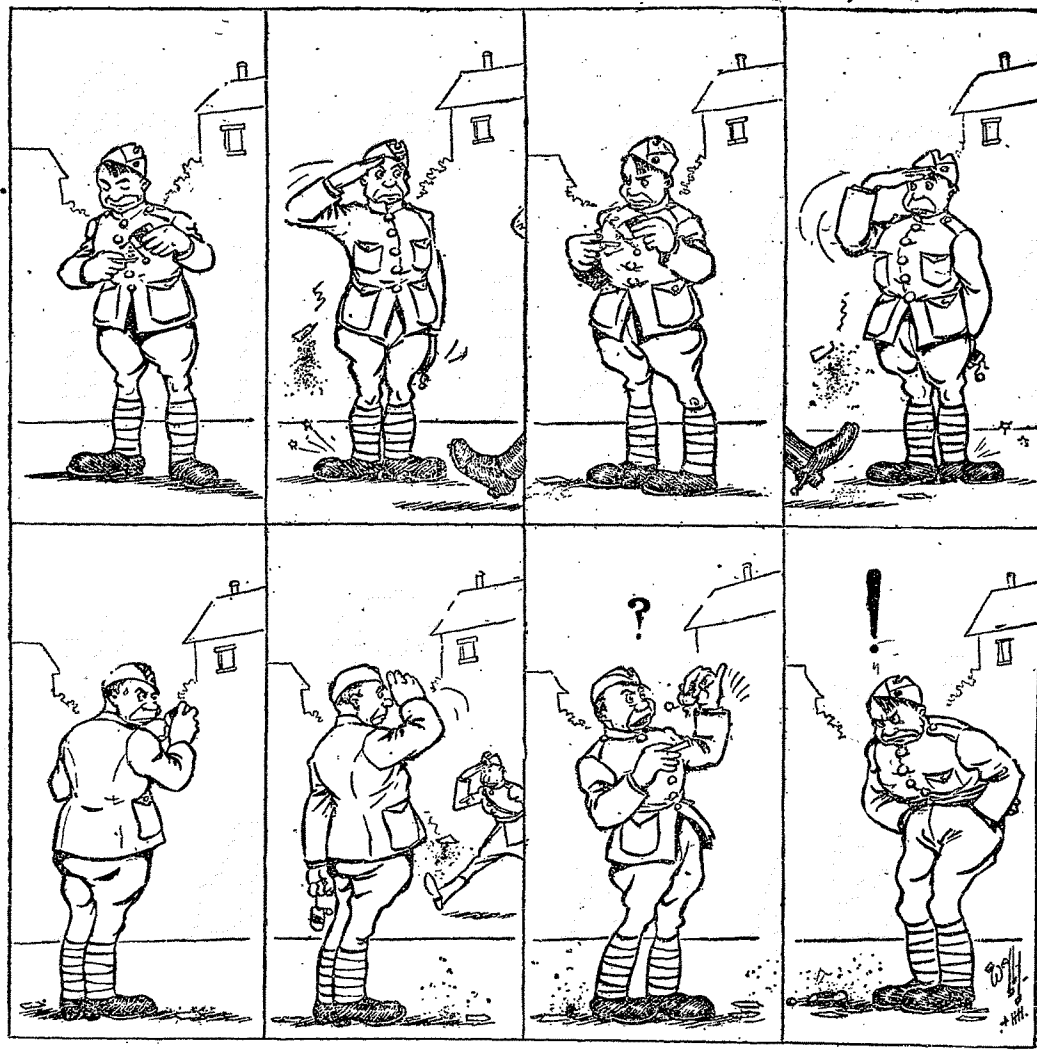
I'm a fool, you say? Let another pay—
I've done my bit? Not I;
For the things I know of the Prussian foe
Will haunt me till I die.

So what is the use, while manhood's juice
Is still in my flesh and blood,
Of trying to stay back here and play
With the slicker and the "dud"?

So it's Flanders for me, the Land of the Free,
The land that is free from the curse
Of men who are dead, but whose bodies are tied,
Men are dead while they live, which is worse
Than to suffer and fall at the clarion call
Of Liberty, Justice and Truth.

So now I have what I want—men
I give you my all, my Youth!
SGT. LION A. DE YOUNG—Supply Train.

YES, AND YOU'D HAVE SAID IT, TOO



AN OLD, OLD CHURCH IN FRANCE

It isn't much of a church, as churches go. It has had very few wealthy parishioners and benefactors. In the course of its seven centuries of existence, it has served the needs of the little farming community of which it is the center; and having done that, it has done enough. It has never seen any people other than its own quiet, kindly parishioners up to the advent of *les Américains*.

It is, in fact, a homely little church—homely, even as the little billet town in which it is situated is homely. The rude painter of an earlier day made even more horrible than the reality the picture of the good saint going through his martyrdom. The wood-carved cherubs look dyspeptic and doleful—quite unlike the cheery little altar boys who through the chance of Sundays, the statues are glossy of eye and uninspiring of features. The pews are rickety, and in ill repair. The windows are gaudily bright when the sun strikes them, and more dull splashes of color when the sky is lowering. It is an ugly church.

But to the Americans who would their way up the hill toward it every Sunday morning, it is still a church. With half-closed eyes, they look around its unpromising interior, and conjure up from its form and substance the memories of other churches they have left behind. They know that the statues and pictures and bas-reliefs, ancient and incomplete as they are, stand for the same things that other and comelier statues and pictures and bas-reliefs stand for in other churches, some in France, some in America. And knowing that, they sit back, and are content.

On a Sunday morning, when the Americans struggle up from their lums and billets, and the good people of the countryside jolt their way in on farm wagons and lathering carryalls, the courtyard square in front of the church, deserted during the weeks save for the daily guard, mount formation, becomes thronged again. The Americans perceive, with a sense of kin-to-homeness, that the good old custom of "visiting" before church time is the same in France as it is in America; possibly it started in France for all they know.

Here Monsieur Jacques, who fills his little farm some three or four kilometers outside the village, stops to hohobol with Monsieur Jean, who runs the little café-store at the bottom of the hill. And here Madame Jacques has a reunion with Madame Robert. And Madame Robert's children tugging at Madame Robert's skirts—such handsome little children, and all dressed up in their Sunday clothes!

It is, in one sense, a depressing sight, that

of the crowd in the courtyard. Save for the brawny Americans in O.D., there are no young men to be seen. The old men, most of them veterans of 1870, hobble painfully over the stones and up the steps leading into the church. Few if any of the middle aged men—and there are few enough of them—are minus the little buttonhole decorations, the little breast badges, that broken service well rendered in the field during the present war; the majority bear mute testimony elsewhere to their participation in the conflict. And many of the women, the rangy-limber, sun-tanned hardworking farmers' wives and daughters, and the no less sturdy housewives of the village itself, are clad in black.

Here and there may be a *poilu* on leave, his old uniform of antichellum days on again, its red and gold and dark blue standing out in sharp contrast to the horizon hue of his fighting garb. Beside him, never letting go of him and never taking eyes from his face, walks mother or wife or sweetheart. Neighbors stop them from time to time in their progress toward the church, shake the *poilu* by the hand, and ask him how it goes; admire the new decoration on his breast; finger it, slap him on the back, and pass on. The children look up at him with wide-eyed admiration and awe; is he not a man who has done great things for *La Patrie*?

Into the church they drift by twos and threes, farmer and tradesman and farming woman and housewife and *poilu* and American, and not to be forgotten, the youngsters. The youngsters' church manners, it may be said in passing, are the finest in the world. To be sure, the credit goes mainly to the little girls, for the boys are practically all herded inside the altar rail under the watchful eye of the *curé*, so that not even the most roguish of them would dare misbehave. But believe they all do; and the view from the front of the church, showing all those little earl-and-bonnet-framed faces, like so many real cherubs just above the pew tops, is worth the notoriety and consequent discomfort of going up there and turning around to look at.

The service begins. The little choir, mainly composed of young girls in their teens, does its best trying not to flatter the high notes, but flatter them it does. As the service wears on and the deeper pitched chants come into play, there is always an old man way in the back of the church, himself a former chorister, who, after carefully adjusting his *pinneaux*, with clear his throat and help in booming out the Gloria or the Credo. At the latter part, if the *curé*, the preliminary portion of the mass

concluded, comes—still chanting the creed in unison with his choir—down the aisles to take up the collection.

It has been a happy time for the *curé* and the little parish since *les Américains* came. *Les Américains*, in their home churches, were most of them brought up to believe that one paid ten cents for a seat, and put ten cents into the collection plate—at least. So here, they see no reason to do otherwise, and in go the francs and the half-francs, all along the O.D. line; although Madame, the washerwoman, with her large family and her husband away at the war, puts in but her widow's mite, one ten centime piece.

And many little things have been done by *le curé* for the poor of the parish during the winter just past—many a one has been tidied over the fuel shortage and the rest, thanks to the tactful help of the good father, reinforced by the contributions of his new soldier parishioners. And the little church has never known such Christmas and Easter collections in all its long history.

The *curé* ascends to the altar and the service is resumed. Encouraged by the kindly aid of the old man in the rear pew, the choir attempts one of the quaint and beautiful old hymns to the Virgin—whose statue is there, all banked in evergreens the year round—and renders it lovingly and well. Comes the tinkling of the bell; the awed hush of the moment of the consecration of the bread and wine; the tinkling again at the breaking of the host; and then, bravely but pathetically, the choir breaks forth into the age-old prayer for peace; "Agnus Dei, qui tobis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem."

They have chanted the *Agnus Dei* bravely, hopefully, patiently, these four years. Still they chant it, their hopes still high, their voices still unwavering.

The service draws to a close. The tiny altar boy staggers his way down and up the altar steps again under the load of that huge missal from which the priest reads the last gospel. That concluded, the congregation, French and American, rises and sings the "Little Psalm."

"Praise to Lord, all ye nations," it runs, "Praise him, all ye people. For his mercy has been confirmed upon us; and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever."

The sun comes bursting in through those gaudy, splashed windows up above, and lightens there below the representatives of the two nations, united to defend the truth of the Lord, and to make peace. And at that moment the little, ugly old stone church becomes strangely transfigured and beautiful.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

From the San Francisco Examiner, May 31st.

The spirit of the American Expeditionary Force in France—the A.E.F.—as it has been initialized—is the noble spirit of helpfulness. Our soldiers who have gone overseas to take their places on the battle line have gone with the feeling of being on a crusade to help a wounded and bleeding friend.

Nothing shows more plainly this truly fine spirit of our men, this extraordinary attitude for an army of fighting men, than the plan that has been undertaken for company units in the forces to finance the support of French orphans and children of crippled French soldiers.

With one hand, so to speak, will our men fight against the common enemy, and with the other help alleviate the suffering that the enemy already has wrought. It is truly something which justifies superlatives.

Read how THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official weekly paper of the A.E.F., appeals for support of this fine plan:

"In France there are thousands of children who need help—orphans, children of crippled soldiers, children of the invaded districts whose parents may now be laboring behind German lines at the point of a bayonet, or may be dead. Of all those who have made sacrifices for liberty, their sufferings are the most acute. Of all causes, theirs is the worst, the most pressing. Some are ill, all of them are hungry and poorly clothed. The picture of these children is the saddest of the whole war. Some of them know who their parents are, or were; others do not. Some do not even know their own names and are simply given a number and are enrolled as 'unclaimed.' They are public charges."

"We of the A.E.F. know the French children. Not a soldier in France but admires and loves them. They were at the dock to greet us. They followed our columns, they have been with us ever since. To the elder world of France we are yet an untired army. But the youth of France has not suspended

judgment. They know us, understand us, trust us. We are their ideals and their idols—everything a man and a soldier ought to be. And now we have a chance to do something for them."

Here is something that will go down in the rose-colored section of the war history still to be written, the section that shall be devoted to the high and noble and beautiful phases of this terrible period of carnage and bloodshed which has brought out more of the unlovely things in human nature than it has of the lovely.

This is something which shall be a particular bright star in the record of our men who have gone and are going to France, to the battle front, to the firing line of Liberty.

May it win a great and deserving success. It will surely do much to make vivid and real the unifying brotherliness which we of America feel for those of France.

GOOD IDEA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Owing to the amount of tonnage the Government must dispatch every day, we lose the privilege of receiving packages from home. My solution to this perplexing problem is this: Let every man who receives the daily home town paper pledge himself to cancel the subscription.

We all know that the papers are from a month to six weeks old, and when they do come, not only is the news stale, but they come in such bunches that it is hopeless ever to wade through them all.

This morning two of our men received between them about 75 papers, needing a special bag for transportation from the postoffice. When you figure the weight of 75 papers, and see in your mind's eye thousands of our men going through the same performance, then you can see where our tonnage is being wasted.

What do you think of the idea? If it is any good, get behind it.

ARTHUR M. VOGEL,
Central Med. Dept. Lab.

A COOTIE REMEDY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your copy of May 31st, I notice you give a cartoon on how to get rid of cooties. Here is the way I treat them and think it is a good remedy.

First, get a rope or wire, rope preferred, that is about 30 feet long and has two ends. Be sure you get both ends. Then place one end on the ground and the other in the air, climb up and place some cheese or butter—butter preferred—on the top, then come down and hide. You will not have to wait long before a Mr. Cootie will be along. He, of course, hears the cheese or butter up on the rope or wire, and goes up to get a bite. Now, climb up yourself and cut the wire or rope about two feet below Mr. Cootie and place on that end an ice cream cone. Then come down and hide. Mr. Cootie will get all the butter or cheese he wants and start down, not knowing the rope or wire is cut. He will fall in the ice cream cone and freeze to death.

The same cheese or butter will work for a day or more, if you remove the dead immediately.

W. D. B.

who is working for the cause.

YOU ARE NOT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Three friends and I served in the American Field Service, two in the Camion and two in the Ambulance. Are we entitled to wear American Army service chevrons for the periods of six months we served? We are all in the American service now.

MAKE THEM PAY, NATION'S WORD TO PROFITEERS

President's Attitude Toward New Tax Bill Has Country's Backing

HOOVER PLAN HITS PACKER
Full Publicity for Wholesale Prices and Profits—Budget System Coming

By J. W. MULLER.
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.
[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, June 13.—President Wilson's appearance before a joint session of Congress to urge immediate work on the great new tax bill has to date been approved by the country with practical unanimity. There has been special approval of his reference to profiteers, and his insistence that they shall be made to pay.

This particular passage of the President's address has done immeasurably much to hearten those who are willing to give everything. The way our rich men have come forward in this war has been wonderfully fine, and means much to the future American, for it will give us a new understanding of each other. For that very reason it will be big war work and peace work to separate the goats now.

Getting After the Packers

We all know that there are goats. America is no ostrich to hide its head in the sand, and people realize thoroughly well that there are bound to be selfish and ignominious people looking out for themselves. Because the spirit of the country is so excellent and generous that it makes a man fill with pride, we feel all the more determined to hunt down and destroy the base minority that would stain our honorable record.

The President has also approved the Hoover plan for the control of the packing industry and full publicity of wholesale prices and profits. The Government will not take over the plants, but has shown plainly that if the scheme for regulation proves ineffective, the next step will be Government management.

Another great national improvement slowly making headway is the fight to install the budget system in Congress. It may be a long struggle, but it will come inevitably sooner or later, and will mean a vast benefit to the nation thereafter, both financially and for cleaner politics.

This is not a very romantic subject, but it is one of the things lying deep at the roots of national efficiency, and will be vital for strenuous world competition in future. If we can get this thing through, it will be building a better country for you to return to.

LIBERTY BOND RULES NOT FOR EVERYBODY

No Authority for Transfer If Subscription Isn't Paid in Full

This is about Liberty bonds. Some people are going to get refunds on money paid in, or deduction from pay on them. But not everybody—don't crowd.

According to instructions from the War Department at Washington, when the Liberty Bonds are sold to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York are discontinued on account of their disbursement, or under the authority of previous rulings, the discontinuance will be effective from the date of commencement. If the amount deducted is less than \$50, organization commanders are authorized to credit enlisted men on their pay rolls or on their final statements.

If \$50 or more has been deducted, a statement showing the exact amount should be forwarded to the Depot Quartermaster at Washington, D.C., who will furnish one or more bonds and refund the balance in cash. This applies equally to discontinuance which has previously been made without refunding.

Men who have already been discharged without being prepaid for such deductions will be furnished with certificates showing the amounts deducted from their pay on account of such allotments. The amounts credited to them will be verified from the pay rolls of their organizations showing the actual "withholdings" of money to pay for the bonds. If a man has made an allotment for bonds to a bank other than the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, a settlement must be effected between him and the bank.

In Case of Death

There is no authority for a discharged soldier's continuing his monthly payments to the Federal Reserve Bank. He may, however, remit to the Depot Quartermaster at Washington an amount which, together with the amount deducted from his pay, will make an even multiple of \$50. Upon receipt of this sum, the Depot Quartermaster will furnish him with the requisite number of bonds.

In case of death, organization commanders are directed to put down, on final statements, the amount deducted from the deceased's pay on account of the Liberty Loan allotment, together with the name of the bank to which the allotment was made.

When an enlisted man is discharged so that he may accept a commission, it is stipulated that he should continue the allotment and should forward to the Quartermaster his old and new rank, and stating the amount already deducted from his pay on account of his Liberty Loan allotment.

Finally, it is laid down that there is no authority for the transfer of Liberty Bonds which are not completely paid for.

ECONOMIZING ON TALK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, June 13.—City telephone girls have received orders to stop telling subscribers the time of day. Habitual economists are now painfully buying clocks.

The girls have also been ordered to stop answering foolish questions, but nobody expects the reform will be possible of enforcement. The present foolish questions now being fired at them a million fold is, "Why have you stopped answering questions?"

IN A BACK HOME CAMP



The One Who Was Drafted Yesterday—"Gosh, I Didn't Know They Took em as Old as You."

THE PEN VERSUS THE SWORD

Being a Handy Classification of 7 of the 57 Varieties of A. E. F. Correspondents.

(This pamphlet was prepared by a Reserve Sharvetall who joined the colors to help make the v.s. for D., but remained to censor soldiers' mail.)

1. Private Poncho is a good doughboy as doughboys go, but from his letters you get the idea that he considers the Army on a par with Sing Sing. He cries out to his friends and relatives to witness his misfortune. No liberty, he moans. Individually crushed. Why, he has no more privacy than Irvin Cobb's w.k. goldfish. And besides, the overseas cap makes his ears stick out. But usually the issue of his pen takes on a rosy hue along about the time pay-day rolls around.

2. Bugler Tattoo writes to four girls at a clip, and in the same superlative degree of sweetness. And sugar so scarce in France, too! When he has a pretty thought he must let it down on his cuff (pas O.D. shirt), like George Sand, later weaving it into his billy-deos. If everything else fails he adds a fancy fringe of X's and a S.W.A.K. Lucky for him that no two girls live in the same town. He tells them all about the dolls he is running into over here, but hastens to add that "you can give me the American girls every time." Quotable diplomat! He is forever harping upon the time when he shall "return from the battle's deadly roar to his little gel." Set to music, his line would be a Spanish-American war song in *vers libre*.

3. Cook At Attachment is a poor fish that is always worrying about home. He fears that pa can't get in the crops without him. Then maybe while he's gone Mary'll up and marry a slacker; or his boss'll die; or there won't be nothing left for a soldier after the Germans are licked but the Old Soldier's Home. 4. Sergeant March's letters, like Fatima cigarettes, are distinctly individual. He has Lyman House and Barton Holmes blocked off the map when it comes to doing travelogues. With telling stroke he describes the quaint customs of native life, with the verge of a Washington Irving. He is strong for native life, this Buddy. No phase has so far escaped his EE lens eye. In one episode wooden shoes is the burden of the text. In the next, perhaps, the penchant of the boulevardier for Ryer. Again, his pen may take an architectural turn with paragraphs about chateaux, flying buttresses, and evidence of the Louis Quatorze regime in boulevards and boudoirs. He recently wrote

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affiliates

W.O.C.—Yes, if she sent you a book of war poetry, you have a perfectly good excuse for breaking with her. That is the most heartless thing a woman could possibly do. I blush for my sex to think that one member of it could stoop to such baseness. Forget her—and the poetry too.

S.D.—Don't lay it on too thick about the beautiful landscapes of France. The first thing you know she'll want to come over here on your honeymoon. Keep harping on the beauties of Niagara Falls and Old Point Comfort and all the other comparatively inexpensive honeymoon places, and say you wish you could see them again. Build for the future, bud!

T.A.L.—You say her old man has money, and you don't feel quite right about continuing to correspond with her, seeing that you haven't any? Gosh, tush, and again tush! By the time the war is over her old man won't have any money left, the way they are taxing the daylight out of 'em back home. You should worry.

I.G.B.—Yes, the crosses at the bottom of the letter are rapidly becoming out of date. That G.H.Q. told you to save paper, too? But never mind; there is a plan on foot to enable all men who are in love to go back home and deliver in person the things which the crosses stand for; thus saving paper at the bottom of their letters.

E.L.E.—No, by no means ask your older brother to go around and see her and keep her cheered up. Brothers are the most treacherous of allies, and are never to be trusted around the corner. Of course, if your big brother is married, that's a different matter; but be sure to stipulate that, every time he goes to see her, he takes your sister-in-law along! Then write to your sister-in-law, and to the girl herself, to check up on him.

DID HE OR DIDN'T HE?

Private Muchinlove, Blanket-blank Engineers, got a letter from his one-time girl saying she was engaged to a lated rival. Private Muchinlove, after his first outbreak of living up to his organization's name, sewed a V-shaped gold stripe on his right forearm. And when they asked him why in time he did it—

You guessed it; well, and didn't he have a perfect right to a wound stripe?

SPECIALISTS ONLY SOUGHT FOR TANKS

Applications From Officers and Men Must Pass Through G.H.Q.

CHANCE FOR CHAUFFEURS

Pay, Rank and Allowances to Be Same as in Engineer Corps

Do you want to get into the Tank Corps? If you do, send in your application through military channels to G.H.Q. This applies to both officers and men.

But, to get into the Tank Corps, you must have certain essential qualifications. Officers, to be eligible, must have been under military training for a period of not less than one year. They must have practical knowledge of gas engines—which, in the order announcing the qualifications, is set down as "ability to operate an auto-machine"—and must also know quite a bit about topography. And first of all in the order's stipulations comes the requirement that they "should be possessed of excellent physical and mental ability."

What Tank Officers Do

For enlisted men the requirements are that they shall be of good character and good physique; that they shall have had some military training and experience as chauffeurs, or as truck or tractor drivers—or, failing that, that they shall have been artificers or automobile mechanics. For all ranks the applications for transfer are to be made through military channels, stating the qualifications possessed by the applicants. All statements of qualifications must be verified by the applicant's immediate commanding officer.

A colonel in the Tank Corps commands two or more "centers," that being the group name for two or more battalions. A lieutenant-colonel commands each center. A major commands a battalion; a captain, a company, as in the other branches of the service. The staff of the Tank Corps will be made up of officers from the grade of first lieutenant up to colonel.

A first lieutenant of "tanks," then, will be either on staff work or in command of a platoon. A second lieutenant will be either in command of a platoon or an individual tank.

Ranks and Duties of Enlisted Men

The pay, rank and allowance for the enlisted men of the Tank Corps will be the same as those prevailing in the Engineer Corps. For convenience, the ranks among the enlisted personnel, together with the duties assignable to each, are given below in the form of a table:

Master Engineer.
Senior Grade.....Mechanical Specialist.
Sergeant, first class.....Sergeant-Major, First Sergeant, Foreman Mechanician, Signal, Supply, Electrician, Topographer, Draughtsman, Photographer, or Clerk.
Tanic Commander, Tank Driver, Motor Mechanician, Electrician, Blacksmith, Acetylene Welder, Bench and Lathe Hand, Mess, Supply, Signal, Draughtsman, Topographer, Photographer, Auto Driver, Clerk.
Corporal.....Reserve Tank Commander, Tank Driver, Gunner, Auto Driver, or Cook.
Cook.....Cook.
Private, 1st class, Reserve Tank Driver, Truck Driver, Motor-cyclist Driver, Machine Gunner, Telephone Operator, or Signaller.
Private.....Communicator, Mechanician's Helper, Clerk, Orderly, Bugler, Signaller, etc.

Leut. J. K. N., — Inf. R.C.

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S.O.S.

(Written in reply to the banner that the S.O.S. does not fight.)

We may not share the glory that you fighting fellows get; And we don't partake of dangers that you tinhats meet; but yet, If you missed your bread or coffee, you'd ask US the reason why— Us, the chaps who bring your rations, in the Service of Supply.

We may never see the enemy nor hear the cannon's roar. For we're scattered from the trenches to the blue Atlantic's shore. Our hours are nearly always long, our feet not always dry; But we keep you in munitions with our Service of Supply.

We bring you everything you get, and it keeps us in a whirl— It may be but a cigarette, or a letter from your girl; But our country needs us elsewhere—in the Service of Supply.

We are working right behind you, and we're many thousands strong; Some things we bring for you to keep, and some to pass along; And when you do the pushing, keep a steady hand and eye. For we're here to whip the Hokies with our Service of Supply.

"They" once denied us service stripes and kindred front-line trappings; But "they" came through with the chevrons, though we don't mix in your scraps. There may be men among us who could show you how to die, But our country needs us elsewhere—in the Service of Supply.

CORP. JOHN C. DOBRIE, Co. B., — Engrs.

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One tablet will scientifically soften an entire bath and leave upon the skin an enduring fragrance.

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"Chambrade" 3/10 "June Roses" 2/9 "Rose Yverlaine" 1/11

The name "MORNY" on the label is a guarantee against inferior imitations.

Send amount with postage direct to

MORNY FRERES LTD., 201 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.



WRIGLEY'S

The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence.

Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-time sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

At Canteens, at Y. M. C. A. huts and wherever confections are sold.



The Flavor Lasts After every meal

Across the world the news was flashed,
From old Madrid to County Cork;
In headlines black and bold we read:
"The subs are off New York."

BENNY KAUFF GETS CALL FROM HIS UNCLE

**Famous Giant Outfielder
Will Soon Depart for
Training Camp**

YANKS TO LOSE FIVE MORE

**Fred Merkle Idol of Chicago Fans
—Rube Marquard Twirls
Great Game**

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
NEW YORK, June 13. — Benny Kauff, star outfielder and slugger of the New York Giants, has been ordered to report for military service, probably at Camp Sheridan.

Pitcher Thorman and Outfielders Bill Fawcett and Aaron Ward of the Yankees have been ordered to register for the draft, making five Yankees who may depart for war service in the near future.

First Baseman Dick Hobdell of the Boston Americans has been ordered to Fort Oglethorpe, having been given a commission as second lieutenant.

Rube Marquard at Ebbets Field yesterday pitched the Pirates to a holding them to three scattered hits, but not allowing a single runner to get beyond first base. Only twenty-eight men faced him, and "Rube" gave a wonderful exhibition.

Merkle Still Hitting Strong

Fred Merkle, former Giant first baseman, now covering the initial bag for the Chicago Cubs, has become a great Windy City idol, and astonishes the fans by his tremendous hitting record in his 11th season in the big league.

At the Polo Grounds Benny Kauff made a home run in the nick of time, saving the Giants from defeat for a day at least. When Kauff completed the circuit of the bases, Manager McGraw threw his arms around his neck.

At Detroit, Babe Ruth of the Red Sox, who has recovered from his illness, drove a home run into the bleachers for the third consecutive day, giving the Red Sox a 7 to 4 victory over Detroit.

At Columbia, Ga., an unknown soldier was invited into a company baseball game because he looked like he might be able to pitch. After the unknown had struck out 25 batters, allowed only one run and hit a home run, some one asked him his name and then it came out that he was Rube Benton, late of the New York Nationals.

M. T. R. S. HITS HARD, INFANTRYMEN LOSE

**Singers Please Crowd Be-
tween Innings—Other
A.E.F. Results**

In a game that sparked with brilliant playing, the Unit, M.T.R.S., defeated the Infantry 7 to 2. The features were a catch by Eugene of the M.T.R.S. and Green's hitting. He got three singles and a double out of five times up. Keene, of the losers, who relieved Cole in the sixth, pitched fine ball. Between innings the St. Louis quartette entertained the large crowd of spectators. The score:

B. H. E.
Infantry 02000000 2 6 3
M.T.R.S. 01111100X 7 11 4

Engineers Have It Out

Company A and Company F of the Engineers, have met, and Company A has conquered. After the first inning, in which there was some hot hitting, the two teams settled down to business, and the Engineers' skill prevailed thereafter. Captain Dart brought home the bacon in the first with a four-base knock to centerfield. Slim Watson got his customary three base hits, two of them, Faust, of the losers, played a fine defensive game. The score:

A. H. E.
Company A 01000000 5 11 4
Company F 00100000 1 5 3

Match at Camp Hospital

The camp of Camp Hospital No. 1, while awaiting other orders, and joshing against each other, to while away a spare time, grew rugged, and saw who can play. The Wards beat the Camp Police 5 to 4 the other day, getting eight hits to their opponents' seven and making three errors to the losers' four. Chick and Cunningham were the battery for the winners and Butler and Norrig for the losers.

Home Run With Bases Full

The Permanent Detail, Infantry, landed a stinging defeat to the Quartermaster Detachment at an A.E.F. game. The feature was a home run by Wallace with the bases full. The batteries were: Q.M.C., Zahl and Hall; Detail, Tornies and Van der Klak. The score:

Q.M.C. 002300100 6
Perm. Detail 13511302X 16

Infantrymen Beat Marines

Company 11 of the Infantry succeeded in downing the Marines of the — Company 11 got off to a bad start, the soldiers of the sea hanging up four at the termination of the initial stanza, but fusilades of his by the infantrymen in the fourth and eighth innings, three runs coming over the platter in each frame, netted them the victory. The score:

C. I. 10030003—7
Marines 0001000—5

Two base hits—Schalk, Works. Struck out—by Halling 11, by Works 4, by Schinkel 7. Bases on balls—off Halling 7, off Works 2. Hit by pitched ball—Stratton by Works. Hits off Works 3 in 4 innings (none out in fifth), off Schinkel 2.

Hospital Pitcher Stars

Striking out 10 men and allowing only two hits, Ranshaw, former Stantum Military Academy star, pitched Base Hospital 66 to victory over Base Hospital 68. The score was 17 to 1 at least that's as far as the official score-keeper's records were kept up. Ranshaw struck out seven of the first nine men to face him, and didn't issue a single pass. Unit 36 made merry with Trudell's offerings and gathered in a total of 18 hits, including two for three bases and three for two bases. Unit 36 stole bases like a team of Ty Cobbs, grabbing off 10 while the visitors were pliffing one. Hunt made a sensational catch of a line drive in the eighth, which developed into a double play.

THE YEAR'S BEST GAME

Here is the box score of the season's best game so far, 17 innings.

CHICAGO		PITTSBURGH		ST. LOUIS		CINCINNATI	
AB	R	H	SH	SB	PO	A	E
Leibold, lf.....	6	1	0	0	8	0	0
Murphy, rf.....	6	2	1	0	5	0	0
Weaver, cf.....	6	0	0	0	9	0	0
Gandhi, 3b.....	7	0	0	0	16	0	0
J. Collins, cf.....	7	0	0	0	9	0	0
Rishberg, 2b.....	7	1	0	0	5	4	0
McMullin, 3b.....	7	2	0	0	4	0	0
Schmidt, c.....	6	1	0	1	0	4	0
Williams, p.....	6	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	58	7	2	0	52	14	0

*One out when winning run scored.

WASHINGTON
AB R H SH SB PO A E
Shotton, rf..... 7 1 0 0 0 8 0 0
Lavan, ss..... 7 0 0 0 0 9 0 0
Miller, cf..... 7 0 0 0 0 9 0 0
Shanklin, lf..... 7 1 0 0 0 10 0 0
Judge, 1b..... 7 1 0 0 0 22 1 0
Morgan, 2b..... 5 0 0 0 0 3 0 0
Foster, 3b..... 5 0 0 0 0 2 0 0
Almsmith, c..... 7 1 0 0 0 12 2 0
Johnson, p..... 7 1 0 0 0 1 1 0
Totals..... 60 8 2 0 0 51 19 0
Chicago..... 60 8 2 0 0 51 19 0
Washington..... 60 8 2 0 0 51 19 0
Two base hits—Morgan, Shotton.
Double play—Lavan to Morgan to Judge. Left on bases—Chicago, 8; Washington, 10. Bases on balls—off Johnson, 1, off Williams, 2. Hit by pitcher—By Williams, Morgan. Struck out—By Johnson, 9; by Williams, 3. Wild pitch—Williams. Passed ball—Almsmith. Time—2:17.

LONDON GIVES NIGHT TO YANK PUGILISTS

**National Sporting Club De-
votes Wednesdays to Men
in Khaki and Blue**

American Staff Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, June 13. — The famous National Sporting Club has given over Wednesday nights to American boxing. Boxers are all from the United States Army and Navy, and are chosen by an arrangement between James White, chairman of the club's boxing committee, and Y.M.C.A. athletic secretaries at all American camps.

Prizes of medals and \$25, \$10, \$5, \$2.75 and \$1.50 have been posted. The matches have become so popular that the club is packed to capacity. Americans in uniform are admitted on free tickets issued through the London A.E.F. Base Section, the U.S. Navy Headquarters and the Y.M.C.A. huts and hotels.

Any boxers at camps in Britain not having a Y.M.C.A. secretary are invited to send their names to F. W. Dixon, Y.M.C.A. Athletic Secretary, 47 Russell Square, London, W.C. Leave is obtained and expenses paid for all eligible to participate.

LONDON BASE NINE STILL UNDEFEATED

**Beats Sunningdale Cana-
dians 4 to 3—23,000 See
Birmingham Game**

American Staff Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, June 13. — The London A.E.F. Base Section maintained its unbeaten lead in the Anglo-American league by defeating the Sunningdale Canadians at Sunningdale, 4 to 3.

The British interest in the league series, which has been astonishingly great, jumped to fever heat upon the announcement that King George and Queen Mary would attend the July 4 game between the Base Section and the U.S. Navy. This big battle will be at Chelsea Grounds where, on February 24, 1914, King George saw a barnstorming game between the New York Giants and Chicago White Sox.

The most thrilling news of the league for the week was a game between 25,000 at Birmingham between the Northolt A.E.F. Aviators and the Canadian Records. The score is a scandal, 23 to 6, in favor of the Yanks, but the good Birminghamites saw great sport in the constant base running.

STRIKES OUT THREE IN ROW

In a game that was marked by beautiful hitting, the Unit team defeated the Infantry team by a score of 16 to 6. Payne, who worked for the Unit the last four innings, had eight strikeouts to his credit, setting down the three Infantry batters to face him in the sixth in one two three order. The feature of the game was the hitting of Sergeant Joe Beyer, the center fielder, who, in his three times at bat, got two singles and a double. The Unit has a few open Sunday dates and would like to hear from managers. Address—Sergeant Revells, Unit, M.T.R.S., A.P.O. 708.

WITH THE MITT WELDERS

Fred Fulton refused to take Colonel Miller's \$1,000 forfeit for failing to pull off the bout with Willard. He said he realized that public sentiment caused the cancellation of the match.

Bob Moha, Milwaukee, won from Phil Harrison, Chicago, in ten rounds at Ebbets Field, Wis.

Kid Williams, former bantamweight champion, won over Joe Tuber in six rounds at Philadelphia, but did not show any of his old time form.

James Coffey, the well known Pacific Coast promoter, and Eddie Graney, the referee, after having been at outs for 12 years, have signed and moved on.

Johnny Fiedle has been suspended by the Wisconsin Boxing Commission because he did not report that he had an abscess behind his ear when he lost to Dick Landman recently.

Harry Wills won from Sam Langford in seven rounds at Panama.

Eddie McGorty, well-known middleweight, has been drafted.

Richie Mitchell, famous Milwaukee lightweight, having recovered from his attack of boils, has passed the examination for the Navy.

The examining physician pronounced him one of the best physical specimens he had examined thus far.

Pete Herman, the bantamweight champion, received permission to box Jack Sharkey a six round go at Philadelphia and handle.

Eddie Randall was awarded the decision over Jimmy Hanlon in eight rounds at St. Louis.

Elly Mine has challenged Jack Dempsey for a long distance battle. Dempsey beat Misko in ten rounds at St. Paul some time ago.

RACE IN AMERICAN IS REGULAR SIZZLER

**Rebuilt Boston Americans
Look Like Last Year's
Athletics**

GIANTS HIT SNAG IN WEST

Pirates Were Going Along Beautifully Until Somebody Blew Assembly

Although over 100 big league players have already been called for war service, and despite the fact that at least six of the eight clubs have been badly crippled by the draft call, the American league pennant race continues to be a sizzling one.

Several of the clubs have been almost entirely rebuilt, some include a number of recruits, yet the race has been a corker from the start. The Boston Red Sox, who now look almost like the lineup of Connie Mack's Athletics of last year, have been in the lead most of the time, while the Yankees, despite the loss of six or seven of their good men, are alternating in the lead with the Red Sox.

The Champion White Sox, practically intact, have been in the first division at all times, but have not gone to the top as it was expected they would. Cleveland, also hit hard by the draft, which took First Baseman Harris, Shortstop Chapman and several other stars, has managed to stay above the 500 mark, while Washington and Philadelphia are close up. The Browns have not been showing much, while the Tigers, least affected by the draft are floundering around in the cellar position.

Cubs' Spurt a Surprise

In the National league the Giants, after their flying start, struck a snag in their initial western tour and the Cubs, despite the loss of Grover Alexander some time ago and the recent departure of Catcher Kilfer have surprised every one by their great spurt, which took them into the lead.

Christy Mathewson, at Cincinnati, has managed to keep his Reds in the first division and as a result he is quite popular with the Portopolis fans.

The Pirates were going along nicely, but the draft raised havoc with the lineup and Hugo Bezdek is having quite a job on his hands keeping his men in the fight.

The Boston Braves have improved their position somewhat of late, but the Phillies are gradually dropping down, while the Cardinals and Dodgers are hopelessly out of it at present.

Weird Game at Detroit

The White Sox and Tigers recently played a weird game at Detroit, the Champions coping 19 to 3. In this game 55 batters faced the three Tigers (twelve, James, Coveleski and Hall, which is a big league record. Of course, there were not 55 hits at all, but charged up against the Sox, as ten men either walked or got to first on sacrifice hits.

Back Weaver of the Sox made a single in the first five times up and then was robbed of a sure hit by Bobby Veach. Weaver of the Sox made a two base triple and single the first three times up and then sacrificed, but failed to reach the next two times up.

Ray Schalk walked three times straight and then laced out a single, after which he retired, his understudy, Lynn, succeeding him. Lynn got a single and walked while he was in the game. Williams twirled the entire game for the Sox and allowed only eight hits.

DIAMOND FLASHES

An event happened recently at St. Louis which made the fans gaze in surprise. Grunwald and Luderus, two true American league players, pulled a double steal on Catcher Frank Snyder, of the Cards, and he had to stand a lot of kidding as a result.

Sunday baseball is now permitted at Washington, and at the first game played a crowd of 15,000 fans turned out. Other American league clubs may attempt to follow suit if they can obtain permission from the local authorities.

Dick Hobdell of the Red Sox, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Dental Corps.

The Pittsburgh club grabbed infielder Getz of the Brooklyn club, on whom wagers were asked recently.

On May 22 the standings in the Western league were: Omaha, 13-7; Des Moines, 13-7; Wichita, 11-8; Joplin, 10-8; Topeka, 11-8; St. Joe, 10-12; Hutchinson, 10-13; Sioux City, 6-14.

In the American association on May 21 Louisville was first with 14-4; Milwaukee second with 12-5; Indianapolis third with 9-7; Kansas City, 10-12; St. Paul, 6-11; Minneapolis, 3-13; Toledo, 3-14.

Pitcher Bob McGraw is lost to the Yankees by the draft. Hugh Bennett has been recalled from Toledo to fill his place.

In the "Big 10" baseball series on May 15, Michigan led with 2 runs and 1 hit, Illinois was second, 6-2; Ohio, 3-1; Iowa, 2-2; Chicago, 3-4; Wisconsin, 1-2; Purdue, 1-4; Indiana, 0-4.

The leading batters in the American league on May 22 were Burns, 4-4; Sister, 3-0; Brown, 3-0; Speaker, Cleveland, 3-0; Walker, Athletics, 3-0. In the National league, Smith of Boston was first with 4-1; Doyle second with 3-5; Kauff, 3-5; Merkle, 3-5; Young, 3-3. Ty Cobb was hitting at a .292 clip at that time.

Warren Johnston, formerly with Cleveland, is covering first base for Milwaukee this year. Cozy Dolan, formerly Indianapolis, Pittsburgh and St. Louis player, is also with the Browns.

MORE BASEBALLS FOR A.E.F.

Ban Johnson and the owners of the American league clubs have decided to come once more to the assistance of the American soldiers in France. Baseball paraphernalia valued at \$5,000 is being sent over here by them. Included in the material are 2,000 balls, 500 bats, 50 first basemen's mitts, 50 catchers' gloves, 150 fielders' gloves, 100 chest protectors, and 50 masks.

DOCS DOWN AVIATION MEN

The Medical Department beat the Aviation Section 3 to 2 at Tours in a game that wasn't over until the last aviator was out. Although the aviators made nine hits to their opponents' seven, they helped along the Medics by making six errors while the Medics were making only three. Only one hit, a two bagger by Greenwell of the losers, was for more than a single base. The score:

A. H. E.
Aviation 00010000 1—2 9 6
Medical 01100001 3—3 7 8

SPEAK UP, BOXERS

To the Sporting Editor:—
As I am managing "Fudy" Levey, former handball champion of Chicago who is now boxing, and for whom I am claiming the middleweight championship of the A.E.F., I wish you would print the following:

Levey beat Feldman of New Orleans and the — Engineers in three rounds at Base Section No. 1, the next week beating Neary of the U.S.S. — in two rounds in the same ring (Neary claimed the Navy championship at 160). Then the following Thursday fighting Corporal Clantonberry of the — Engineers and making him quit in the first round.

I would like to hear from all boxers that weigh 100 and give them a shot at Levey. Levey would like to go Brad Cleveland No. 2, champion of the English Forces. He can make 155 pounds easily.

CHARLES S. REED,
C.O. B. — Engineers,
Care STARS AND STRIPES.

SPORTING COMMENT

The suicide of Pat Tebeau, the well-known former big league ball player, has been a shock to the baseball fraternity. As a ball player, Tebeau was known as aggressive as they made them in the majors, but Alexander's name is friends cannot understand why he ended his life. He was a fighter, courageous, and ready to tackle any kind of a proposition. But I hate to see base ball pass out. Don't think this will happen if I should be called, or that they will have to close the gates. They played before I started and will continue after I am gone. But baseball should not be stopped because of the war. There will be many left here, and they will want to go to the games to forget the horrors of the war and also to get some fresh air. Baseball players are public entertainers and are essential to the country, and our nation's pastime should not be stopped. But when players are called they should answer their country's call."

Ty Cobb, who has been placed in Class 2 of the draft, recently delivered himself of the following: "I have been placed in Class 2; I am ready to answer when Uncle Sam calls. But I hate to see base ball pass out. Don't think this will happen if I should be called, or that they will have to close the gates. They played before I started and will continue after I am gone. But baseball should not be stopped because of the war. There will be many left here, and they will want to go to the games to forget the horrors of the war and also to get some fresh air. Baseball players are public entertainers and are essential to the country, and our nation's pastime should not be stopped. But when players are called they should answer their country's call."

Grover Alexander will probably never realize his one ambition—that of twirling a no-hit game in the big leagues. To date, 55 no-hit games have been twirled in the majors, and Alexander's name is not included in the list. The same holds true of Walter Johnson. Alexander is at Camp Funston, a member of the Army, and in June, and it is thought the latter will accept. Both boys are in the Army as boxing instructors, but are able to get leave. It will not be a title match, and only a K.O. will take the title away from the champion.

Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, who has been arranging in short contests only for the past year, has been made a liberal offer to box Charley White of Chicago in a ten round go at Milwaukee some time in June, and it is thought the latter will accept. Both boys are in the Army as boxing instructors, but are able to get leave. It will not be a title match, and only a K.O. will take the title away from the champion.

Special Line made from Dr. J. Anderson's best quality Oxford and Zephyr cloths, light and heavy weights.

Per Suit 8/11 (12fr. 15c.)

Worth 18/6

Remittance must accompany Order. Send Banknotes by Registered Post, or Cheque on Bankers.

Robinson & Cleaver

156-168 Regent St., LONDON, W.1.

England

The Great Combine

WE venture to think that the trump cards in the little game that is being played out in France are French, English and American initiative, British tenacity, and French and American courage. The combine of the three is a combination that will sweep the board when they all come into play. But it is a long game and you will be waiting over to London for a hot hot and then, when you do look in and see us at the

ELYSEE
RESTAURANT
COVENTRY STREET,
LONDON
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228 Rue de Rivoli
(Opposite Tuileries Garden)

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of America!

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The Champagne of Table Waters.

Delicious with lemon, sirups, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

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JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY

SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT, BARNEY

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SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT, BARNEY

St. Louis, Mo.

WHITNEY'S JOHREN TAKES BIG STAKES

**Imported Son of English
Derby Victor Captures
Suburban Handicap**

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 13.—The spring race meeting at Pimlico was so profitable that the Maryland Jockey club has added \$1,000 to each of the events for the autumn meet.

The famous Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park was won by Harry Payne Whitney's imported 3-year-old Johnen, son of the English Derby winner, Spear-mint, over a field of six. Johnen opened at 10 to 1 and carried 100 pounds.

The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:06. Hoffer was second by a length and a half. Battle, Cudgel, Hendrie and Spur finished in the order mentioned.

ANY ANSWER?

Pvt. Daniel Gallagher, Ord. Corps, A.P.O. 711, "would like very much to meet the French middleweight champion in a boxing contest." Gallagher fought some of the best boys when he was boxing in and around the Windy City, and he met Paddy McFarland in a six round exhibition when the latter was going his best.

HOTEL BRIGHTON
PARIS
218 Rue de Rivoli
PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH
MODERATE PRICES

**Best Quality Cotton
PYJAMAS
for Summer Wear**

Special Line made from Dr. J. Anderson's best quality Oxford and Zephyr cloths, light and heavy weights.

Per Suit 8/11 (12fr. 15c.)

Worth 18/6

Remittance must accompany Order. Send Banknotes by Registered Post, or Cheque on Bankers.

Robinson & Cleaver

156-168 Regent

SUNNY FRANCE IS RIGHT AFTER ALL

-By WALLGREN

THE ONLY SHADY SPOT I'VE SEEN IN A THOUSAND MILES IS MY OWN SHADOW



PICTURE OF A STRAGGLER LOOKING FOR A SHADE SOMEWHERE IN THE Z. OF A.

ON LORDY, AN I BEEN WISHIN' FOR AN ELECTRIC FAN!

WINTER KNITS (JUST ARRIVED)

AND STILL THEY COME IN



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS VENUS STUFF?

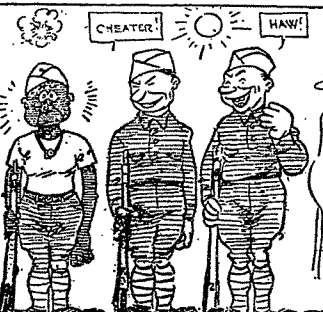


PRIVATE LOTT WAS OUT OF LUCK WHEN A KIND HEARTED OFFICER GAVE THE COMMAND TO DISCARD COATS - HE FORGOT, TOO LATE, THAT HE HADN'T A SHIRT ON.

WHAT IN HECK'S THE IDEA OF THOSE COATS AN' KNITS, STUPID?

IT MAKES ME FEEL SO NICE AND COOL WHEN I TAKE 'EM OFF!

A GREAT IDEA - THE RELIEF MUST BE WONDERFUL

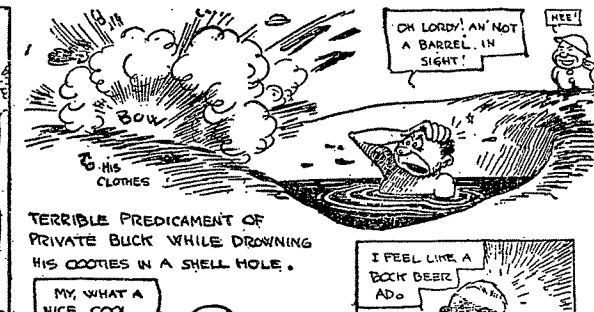


CHIEF!

HAH!

IT'S AN ILL WIND ETC.

WHOO!



TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT OF PRIVATE BUCK WHILE DROWNING HIS COOTIES IN A SHELL HOLE.

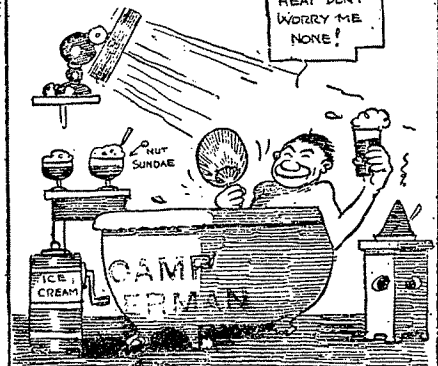
MY, WHAT A NICE COOL BREEZE!

WHOO!

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HELPFUL HINTS

No. 18 - HOW TO KEEP COOL



BY GOLLY, TH' HEAT DON'T WORRY ME NONE!

DRINK PLenty OF NICE COOL DRINKS - ICED TEA, ICE CREAM SOBAs AND EAT LOTS OF ICE CREAM. STAY IN A NICE COOL BATH ALL DAY, AND WE CAN SAY WITHOUT FEAR OF CONTRADICTION THAT YOU WILL NEVER SUFFER A SUNSTROKE.

DON'T START ANYTHING THAT YOU CAN'T FINISH

And If You Are Ever Tempted to, Remember the Fate of Cook Kyler and Be Forewarned

Kyler is only a cook, else I wouldn't drag him into this. But this business of passing the buck has become such a fad in military circles that I've got to bring somebody into it, or the readers of THE STARS AND STRIPES would doubt my story.

Now both Cook Kyler and I are entitled to wear the gold chevron about which so much fuss has been made during the past month or so, but we're still mere business men when it comes to putting it over on the other guy and getting away with it without a star shell bursting over our heads.

Not so long ago, on one Sunday evening, we were standing on a street corner in the little town of C— discussing Fritz's offensive and wondering just how it will seem when Miss Liberty smiles down upon us again, when an American soldier, who responds readily to the cognomen of Private Tice and who is a frequent boarder at the detachment guard house, turned the corner and headed straight for our barracks.

"Oh, alic, raser," Kyler asks him.

"I'm out," he says and kept on going.

Free Man Once More

Now there aren't many American soldiers in C— but we have a guard house just the same; and on this very Sunday evening Private Tice had been released from there after two weeks of confinement, said confinement being imposed upon him after celebrating his first birthday on foreign soil.

In the town of C— there are five notable cafes each having a Yankee name, the names being donated by the members of this detachment. Walking east from our barracks they come in rotation: The Three Cokes, The Dirty Spoon, The Buckler of Blood, Dirty's Cafe and Pop's Retreat.

When off duty, Private Tice made the rounds of these cafes daily and became quite well acquainted, as did a number of others, with the pretty maidemoiselles who tend to our wants.

It was almost a safe bet, as Kyler said, that Tice would soon make the rounds again and spread the glad news that he was out.

"He'll be heading for the Dirty Spoon in ten minutes and I got an idea."

"What's that?" I says.

She'd Do Her Bit

So Kyler explained after which we entered the first cafe and found Marcelle frying eggs on the kitchen range. We explained our idea to her in French and she gladly consented to do her part. And before we left she could speak the sentence perfectly.

"Comment now?" says Kyler.

"Tice you're de bunk!" says Marcelle.

"Don't!" I says; "that's the girl!"

So we went to the other four cafes and taught all the girls to say "Tice, you're de bunk," it being understood that they were to greet him with these words upon his appearance that evening. Each, so as to keep the words fresh in her mind, invariably would say, "Tice, you're de bunk."

After that we returned to our barracks and awaited results.

Along about nine o'clock Tice came home with a heavy heart and sat down on the edge of his bunk with his face in his hands.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asks him.

"Punch me," he says; "I'm dreamin'!"

Every Jane in town says I'm de bunk. Can you beat it?"

"Oh, cheer up," says Kyler. "Sapposin' you are; is that anything to worry about?"

This last remark didn't seem to cheer him a bit.

"That night as we were turning in Kyler threw his shoe at a rat and the shoe went through the window pane into the back yard. While Kyler went after his foot gear, Tice came over and whispered:

"I know who put them girls up to that! Just wait! I'll fix him!"

Fish for the Catching

The following Sunday Kyler learned that there were nice fish to be had less than a mile from town for the mere trouble of catching them. So we secured some tackle and set forth, anticipating a record catch.

When we reached the stream we found the fish rather refined. They were not the tuff sticks variety; they didn't fall for the line we handed out to them. It had either been pulled on them before or they didn't know a good worm when they saw it. However, we returned much downhearted, but not beaten.

"I'll get 'em yet!" says Kyler. "Just you wait till next Sunday."

So on the following Sunday we set forth once again in quest of the strange fish, but this time we carried no fishing

tackle; instead, our blouse pockets bulged with hand grenades.

"If these don't bring 'em out from under their roots, nothin' will!" Kyler says to me.

"Be careful," I says, "and don't bang on so hard or you'll find yourself walking along here without any middle."

Bang!—Heap Fish

At the first hole he ripped the lever on one and tossed it in. Presently there was a dull explosion and two nice ones turned their white bellies up on the surface.

You've heard that old line, "Just like shooting fish in shallow water?"

Anything compared with that expression is sure a cinch!

Well, by the time we'd exhausted our grenades we had a sack full of fine fish. If there's any laws in France forbidding the dynamiting of fish, we didn't break them.

The interior of a hand grenade is not composed of dynamite, and that's about the only thing that would save us if it came to technical questions in court.

On the way back to town we came to a place where they were having a Sunday dance.

"There's some soldiers over there," says Kyler; "let's go over."

We placed our sack of fish in a fence corner and went in. There was a large crowd in attendance some drinking at the tables and others dancing to the tune of a mechanical music box that was operated with a crank. But nowhere were there any American soldiers.

"That's queer," says Kyler; "I'd a bet my next month's pay I saw an American soldier in here."

We looked on a while, had three or four lemonades and then left.

"Where?" I says. "Our fish are gone!"

"What?" I says. "Fish gone! How's this?"

Then I turned loose with some of my old time spasms that often came over me when I drove uncles mules to the hay rake, and it brought a lot of the dancers out to see what was taking place.

Private Tice Reappears

We searched the dance hall, all the buildings on the place, looked under the porch and finally came to the conclusion that one of the dancers had gone south with our ill gained fish, whereupon we swore vengeance and set out for town.

First, we went to the cook house and had a bite to eat, then we went to the barracks. As we were entering we met Private Tice coming out.

"What luck?" he asks.

"We didn't go," I says.

We decided finally that the treats were on Kyler, he being the one who concealed the fish in the fence corner. So we went down to the Dirty Spoon, that being the nearest place.

Nobody there drinking, Kyler began sniffling like a hound smelling a scent.

"Do you smell anything?" he asks.

I sniffed, too.

"Yes," I says; "I smell our fish cooking."

"Damned if I don't have 'em arrested!" Kyler says. "I'll learn 'em how to steal my fish!"

"Yes," I says; "but supposing we had to prove they were our fish, and how we got 'em?"

"I never thought of that," he says.

"But at that I'll bet it's our fish they're cooking!"

We went to another cafe and sat down.

"Encore," says Kyler; "that fish smell keeps right on following us."

And right he was; they were cooking fish at that cafe. So we went on to the next one, and to the next. At all five cafes they were frying fish!

That night after we had gone to bed Tice came in and lit the candle. He suddenly coughed violently, like he had something sticking in his throat.

"What's the matter?" Kyler asks him.

"Got a fish bone in your craw?"

"No," he says; "but if I don't kick all my covers off tonight trying to swim like fish, it won't be my fault!"

SETH T. BAILEY, Corp., Inf.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Arthur Rathke, crack Illinois A. C. swimmer, has joined the Air Service.

F. J. Natwick, the best hurdler at the University of Wisconsin, has joined the Tank Service.

Nebraska defeated Kansas in a dual meet 69 to 40. H. McMahon, of Nebraska, won four first, the 100, 220, 440 dashes, and the 220 hurdles.

Carroll, of the University of Illinois, ran the 100 in 10 flat, the 220 in 22 3-5 and the 220 yard hurdles in 26 4-5 in a dual meet with Chicago, Illinois winning the meet.

Joe Ray is planning on trying for Norman Pabst's mile record of 4:32 3-5 at Chicago in the near future.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Play Manners

By BRAN MASH

Now that the baseball season as well as the war season is well advanced, it behooves us all to mind our P's and Q's about our manners on the diamond. Nowhere else on earth does American upbringing show up so plainly.

Never spike an officer who is covering second when you slide into him on your way down from first—that is, unless he is a general officer. If he is a general officer, slide right into him feet foremost, kick up all the dust you can and try to get him right about the shins.

He will admire your aggressive spirit, and remember you for a long, long time. Besides, one doesn't meet general officers very often in the ordinary course of one's social duties, and it is well to take advantage of every opportunity for closer contact.

Never remove your pack, overcoat, blouse and shirt before marching up to the plate. They may impede your swing a bit, but you must be polite and military at all costs. Walk up to the plate in full equipment, as if prepared for a long hike around the bases. That will impress the pitcher so much that he

will undoubtedly send the first four over wild. And there you are.

Never remonstrate with an umpiring officer of your own unit. He will have access to your pay rolls and so forth, and will know just how much of a fine he can plaster on to you with impunity.

If he is from another organization, kick like a steer every time he opens his trap. He will respect you for it, and may ask to have you transferred so that he can get even.

When you are in the box and the major is at bat, don't toady to him by handing him a base on balls or sending slow ones over right about his waist.

Such tactics are always easily spotted from the sidelines, and you may be drowned and hooted from the mound amid loud cries of "Teacher's Pet!"

Give him the best stuff you've got and see what the old duffer is good for.

If you are pitching to a general officer, do your best to beam him. "Then, as he limps to first, holding on to his dome, holler out: 'Orderly, point that man's head with iodine and send him back to work!'"

In that way you will make the ball game a howling success; and you won't have to watch the doc while he's at first, he'll be so crushed.

ON-THE-SPOT AID FOR OUR WOUNDED

Mobile Surgical Unit Will Go Straight to Battle Front

Immediate, on-the-spot surgical aid for the seriously wounded whose injuries need instant attention, and whose lives might easily be endangered by the strain and time required for transportation to a stationary hospital, is the newest development in the A.E.F.'s sanitary provisions for its men at the front.

The two types of mobile sanitary formations just announced in a general order are to be known, respectively, as the Mobile Hospital and the Mobile Surgical Unit. One of each has already been designated and put in service in its new capacity, and others will be assigned to duty as far as organized.

The mobile hospital consists of fixed sterilizing, X-ray, and electric lighting plants mounted on two motor trucks. In addition, transported on ordinary motor trucks to the front, are a temporary operating room, tentage, and hospital material sufficient to establish a surgical hospital of 12 beds.

The mobile surgical unit consists of portable sterilizing, X-ray and electric lighting plants, X-ray and electric lighting room and surgical material mounted on two motor trucks. This unit will supplement the equipment of the advanced field hospital of the division to which it is assigned and will provide facilities for immediate surgical aid to men so seriously wounded that it would be dangerous to transport them to a fixed hospital.

A Medical Department major will be in charge of each mobile hospital, with a staff of 11 commissioned officers. Twenty-two nurses will also be attached to each unit, and the enlisted personnel will number 80. These nurses, smack up in

the combat zone, will hold the "frontmost front" record for American women.

The mobile surgical unit will be in charge of a captain or lieutenant in the Medical Department and will have a personnel of 12 enlisted men.

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DIAMOND FLASHES

The Minneapolis club, formerly owned by the Castlions, has been bought by a local syndicate of business men.

Pitcher Thomas, of the Minneapolis club, has been taken in the draft.

Catcher Dillhoefer of the Phillies has enlisted.

The standings in the International league on May 21 were: Newark, 10 won; 2 lost; Birmingham, 9-2; Baltimore, 7-6; Rochester, 5-6; Buffalo, 5-6; Jersey City, 4-5; Toronto, 3-8; Syracuse, 2-10.

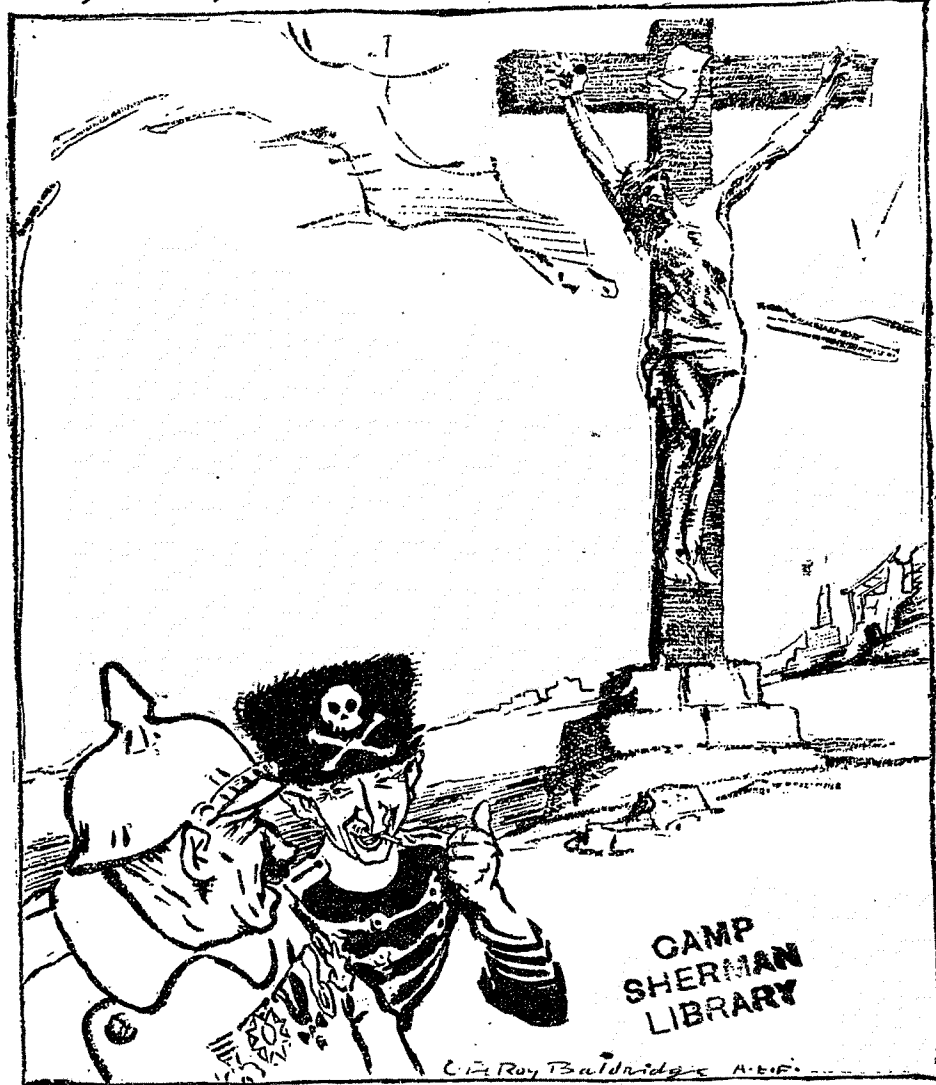
In the Southern association the standings on May 20 were: New Orleans, 21-9; Little Rock, 20-10; Chattanooga, 17-14; Mobile, 16-14; Memphis, 12-16; Birmingham, 10-14; Nashville, 12-19; Atlanta, 9-21.

Pitcher Carl Mays "beamed" Tris Speaker at Boston recently, but Tris was hit on the top of the head and was not injured.

WILSON

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"OH, LOOK, PAPA! ANOTHER OF THOSE ALLIES!"



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American Library Association Plan Now in Successful Operation

Of the 3,000,000 books which the folks back home contributed to the American Library Association for the leisure hours of the A.E.F., more than 100,000 are either here or on their way overseas.

They range all the way from the most hair-raising murder mystery to the latest and best textbook on aviation. And if any one in charge of a distributing point where you want to draw one of them tries to ensure its safe return by making you put up a cash deposit as a hostage, tell him he's out of luck. The A.L.A. is determined that its books shall circulate on the honor system.

"It has been the custom in many places to require the man taking out a book to make a deposit of two or three francs to guarantee its return," the association explains in its bulletin of instructions to all librarians. "The American Library Association is firmly opposed to this practice. It feels that no such barrier should be erected between the men and the books. If such a barrier is necessary it is because the administration is at fault. The honor system will unquestionably succeed with the right sort of helpful supervision and where proper care is taken to make the men understand just what is expected of them."

Loaned on Honor System
By way of making the men understand, a poster expounds the system at every bookshelf, with this sentence as a reminder:

"These books are loaned on the honor system. If you fail, it fails. America is far away, tonnage scarce and books precious. Play square with the other fellow; he has played square with you."

About one-half of the A.E.F. area already has its first sprinkling of light and heavy reading matter. This distribution will proceed rapidly, and in the meantime a new project is under way. Unless there is some unforeseen slip up, the middle of July should see an elaborate reference library opened in Paris for the use of all of us.

The A.L.A. has had a million to spend and most of this has been devoted to the purchase of the best technical books that could be asked for by the ambitious soldier who is eager to know more about his business.

The Paris library will have 10,000 volumes. Any officer or man, who desires a certain book and does not find it on the shelves at the hut near which he is stationed, may send in the title through the secretary in charge there and the book will be sent him free of charge from Paris.

To Place Books Everywhere

There are to be books everywhere. You could scarcely exaggerate the demand. Before the supply was as large as it is today, a single copy of O. Henry's "The Four Million," which one boy had brought over in his barracks bag, was split up into as many volumes as there were tales between the covers, and these were passed along the line and read and reread till the print was fairly rubbed off the page.

The demand is for books of every kind. Probably the greatest call is for novelettes and tales of the Rockies. Next is the yearning for poetry with Robert W. Service and Rudyard Kipling as the doughboy's favorites.

The dashing adventures of "The Three Musketeers" and other Dumas heroes are much relished for you can hardly journey five kilometers in France without running into some reminder of them. Histories of France, and particularly the guide books which tell you something of

ST. LOUIS SINGERS ON "Y" HUT CIRCUIT

Rich-Voiced Male Quartette Brings New Home Melodies

St. Louis, Mo., has presented the A.E.F. with a rich-voiced male variety quartette which is now wending its way from hut to hut. The quartet, the first of its kind, is now wending its way from hut to hut. The quartet, the first of its kind, is now wending its way from hut to hut.

Some of the big business men of St. Louis went down in their pockets for a fund to take care of the singers' families in their absence, so the members of the St. Louis Quartette haven't a care in the world as they journey from Army pillar to Army post, like the Booth Brothers' Quartette of Civil War fame.

They have brought us all the latest war songs with which the vaudeville houses back in the states are echoing. "They're all out of step but Jim" is pretty good, but "Liberty Bell" is better, with its refrain:

Although you're old and there's a crack
Don't forget Old Glory's back of you;
Oh, Liberty Bell (ding dong), it's time to ring again.
And you should hear them rip off the ceiling with "Then I'll Come Back to You," of which the modest refrain runs something like this:

When we've painted all of Germany a deep red, white, and blue,
Then I'll come back to you.
And hear the German roosters crowing Yankee Doodle Do,
Then I'll come back to you.
When "Die Wacht am Rhein" is changed into "My Country 'Tis of Thee."
And Germans build a statue like our own Miss Liberty,
And when we have hung the Kaiser to a sour apple tree,
Then I'll come back to you.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES
S. W. M.—Louisville has won more pennants than Milwaukee in the American association, capturing four to the Brewers' two.

E. H. M.—Joe Bush, formerly with the Athletics, but now with the Red Sox, twirled a no-hit game. We will give you the exact date in a future issue.

TRAGEDY OF A COOK SHACK
There was a mess sergeant at Brest. In chevrons and stripes he was dressed. Till one day he got flip. With the major—this trip, he's doing K.P. with the rest!

THEY WEREN'T WISE TO WHAT HE SAID
But Once the Sergeant d'Instruction Got Hep, They Showed Stuff

The French sergeant d'Instruction was laboring with a newly arrived machine gun company initiating it into the mysteries of the Hotchkiss gun. In particular, he wanted to show the gunners how to hold the handle down when the old piece started bumping and wiggling. "Tenez—tenez, comme ça," he exhorted. But the gunners, in spite of all their French-in-Favor-Lessons, didn't catch on that it was pull he wanted.

Nonplussed, the sergeant called for the interpreter. After the necessary pourparlers had been gone through with some of the gunners got the drift. Others didn't.

That night, when the company liked back to its billet, town from the machine gun range, the sergeant took counsel of the one man in the American command who knew French. He conferred with him long and hard, with much knitting of brows and repetition of phrases. After two hours' work he made his way to his command post, satisfied.

The next day on the range the guns were all lined up and the clips rammed home. The order to fire was given. As the little old shells started to spit and yap yap at the targets ahead, and the hatches in consequence started to bump and wobble a bit on their tripods, the sergeant went down the line of gunners, correcting their grasp. "Pool," he exhorted. "Pool down! POOL DOWN LIKE HELL!"

And you ought to have seen the bulls' eyes scored after that knockout.

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ALONG THE TRANSPORT RAIL

"Say, Bill, we don't seem to be getting anywhere in thisyer boat. Wassamatter?"
"Dunno. Must have got caught in some o' those military channels."

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SOUVENIR HUNTER GETS AWAY WITH IT

But He Didn't Keep His Relic as Long as He Meant to

"HAPPY LITTLE INCIDENT"

Head Attendant of English Castle Might Have Been Peeved, but He Wasn't

By GEORGE T. BYE, London Correspondent, THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, June 13.—What is the most prized historical relic of the Anglo-Saxons? You know, of course, but don't whisper it out loud for the Roche to hear. That would help him fix the setting of this little story.

This most prized historical relic of the Anglo-Saxons rests in state in the great hall of a certain ancient castle. In the great door of the great hall is a great key, long as a bayonet and nearly as heavy.

One day not a week ago a regiment of Yanks had marched past the castle and was standing at rest near it, waiting for a boat train for France. As they stood, the head attendant of the great hall, from a spear slit of the castle, looked them over with warming eyes. Then he exercised the great key, locked the great door and paraded over to the colonel of the regiment.

Who's Got the Key

What he did was to invite the boys into the great hall in companies where they all might inspect the treasure having the reverence of all Anglo-Saxons, Briton, Yank, Canadian or Anzac. Each company filed into the great hall and formed in a square, while the head attendant, in the center of the square, gave a brief lecture.

But when they had all seen and heard and were gone, speeding away on a fast train, the head attendant made a discovery that turned him white, then green, then red. The great key was missing! The great hole of the great lock of the great door of the great hall was as empty as the hutch of a doughnut.

It wasn't necessary to telephone Scotland Yard or to invoke any of the neighborhood Sherlock Holmeses. There was only one way that key could have disappeared—up the sleeve of some souvenir fiend of a Yank.

Carried Back in State

The story moves rapidly now. The head attendant left an assistant to guard the precious Anglo-Saxon relic, and hurried off to an American camp, where he reported his loss to a brigadier general. The brigadier general wired a French port where the regiment was due to land. The regimental colonel got the wire and sent word to all his captains to shake in every company and see that the great key was produced forthwith.

Of course, it quickly came to light—from out the folds of the kit-pack of a shame-faced Anglo-Saxon from Nebraska. Three days later the great key was borne by a major and two captains back to the head attendant, who received it with a joyous bow.

He cranked the great key in its great hole while, with warming eye, he said:

"It was, after all, a happy little incident, and one could hardly censure an enthusiastic young Anglo-Saxon for coveting so choice a racial souvenir. But was the young man an Anglo-Saxon? The officers said they had been informed the souvenir hunter was a full-blooded Indian from your state of Nebraska. Now if he is not an Anglo-Saxon, why should he seek this souvenir?"

I could give the head attendant only one answer—that the Yank must have lugged the great key all the way to France in the hope that he could use it at the front as a trench club.

PRAYERS

A Sister's Prayer

Dear God, if I were but a boy,
I would enlist at once and fight
For Liberty. Oh, what a joy
To give my life for Thee and Right!

My hand, O God, I shall not give
To one who has not taken part
In this great war that Freedom live!
A soldier, Lord, shall have my heart!

A Veteran's Prayer

Alas! my God, I'm sixty-one;
Though used to armies and the fray,
"Too old," they say, "to shoulder gun;
'Tis hard to only watch and pray."

But I have sent my son to France,
My flesh and blood to fight for me.
O happy son! This is your chance
To die for God and Liberty!

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

J. COQUILLOT

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MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCE)

MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE

by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCE)

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